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Contents

The Week 82

Editorials

Prohibition Repeal—Practical Politics 84
Admirals and Peace 86
Flathead—A Power Yardstick 86

General Articles

Public Utility Profiteering ..... Ruth Finney 88
Lobbying in Women's Clubs ..... Anna Steese Richardson 91
Judging Our Progressive Schools ..... Joseph K. Hart 93
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 96
Aunt Becky and Mr. Bowers ..... Stark Young 97
The Old (verse) ..... Carleton Drewry 99
Five Women of Mukden ..... Agnes Smedley 99
Home Movies in Excelsis ..... Bruce Bliven 101

Correspondence 102

Reviews of Books

Real—Unreal ..... Sherwood Anderson 103
The New Romanticism ..... P. M. Jack 105
The Lions and the Lambs ..... Donald Douglas 105
A Biological Explanation of Human Nature ..... Augusta Alpert 106
Africander Caesar ..... E. R. Pineda 107
Notes on Novels 107

The Week

WHILE American chauvinists and admirals were denouncing the naval limitation treaty because, in their opinion, it would leave us inferior in strength to Great Britain, British die-hards—notably Winston Churchill, former Lord of the Admiralty—were denouncing it because, in their opinion, it would make the British navy less powerful than the American. The example of the hostile testimony in Washington prompted Stanley Baldwin to offer a motion for a similar inquiry in London, to bring out the opinion of the naval experts and the contents of relevant secret documents. Premier MacDonald's victory over this motion by a substantial vote foreshadows the success of the treaty in the House of Commons. We believe public opinion in the United States will warmly second his argument that the common sense of the treaty is proved by the opposition of militarists in all the countries concerned. The opinions of the admirals everywhere prove, not that the treaty is undesirable, but what was well known before, that if we are ever to have an agreement by which naval competition can be ended, we must achieve it in spite of the admirals. While we welcome the action of Parliament in deciding that it can dispense with the exploitation of their hostility, we derive no little satisfaction from the fact that in this country the naval professionals and their political supporters have been given so ample an opportunity to demonstrate their uselessness as negotiators of peace.

SINCE our editorial showing the fraud of the flexible provision as a means of revising a bad tariff, the clause has been altered in detail, by placing less responsibility for revising rates on the Commission and more on the President. That alteration does not in the least meet the sort of objections we voiced, and was not, indeed, the result of any attempt to meet them. The change was necessitated because a Democratic Senator made a point of order against the conference report on the provision in question, to the effect that it included new matter not contained in either the House or the Senate version of the bill. The flexible provision as finally brought to the Senate is substantially the same as that in the present law. If, by means of it, any desired changes in duties can be made, why was the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill ever introduced or thought of? And what could be more absurd than the spectacle of four Republican Senators issuing statements to the effect that the new tariff bill should be passed because, although its rates are bad, they can be corrected by the Commission under the flexible provision? Passing bad laws because they provide for agencies to undo their harm is Alice-in-Wonderland politics. And anyway, the flexible tariff won't flex.

NO STUDENT of the tendencies in Supreme Court decisions, particularly during the last decade, was surprised at the Senate outbursts following the Hughes and Parker nominations. The Supreme Court was reaping the whirlwind of its unbridled misuse of its power to declare legislation unconstitutional. In effect, a hidebound majority of the Court was erecting its private economic and social views into the Constitution of the country. If there be any lingering doubt, even in the most partisan

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quarters, that such was the motive power behind the vote on Hughes and the rejection of Parker, Mr. Justice Holmes has now put the matter beyond controversy. In a case decided May 26 last, the Justice, speaking also for his colleagues Brandeis and Stone, gave expression, in the frankest words yet uttered by him, to his "more than anxiety" over the action of the Court in invalidating acts of legislatures which "strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable." This dissent by Mr. Justice Holmes, in Baldwin vs. Missouri, is destined to be historic. No graver words have ever been spoken by a Justice of the Supreme Court —certainly not since another Massachusetts man, Mr. Justice Curtis, read his dissent in the Dred Scott case. We therefore print the full text of the Holmes opinion:

> Although this decision hardly can be called a surprise after Farmers Loan and Trust Company vs. Minnesota, 280 U. S. 204 and Safe Deposit and Trust Company vs. Virginia, 280 U. S. 83, and although I stated my views in those cases, still as the term is not over I think it legitimate to add one or two reflections to what I have said before. I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the states. As the decisions now stand I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable. I cannot believe that the Amendment was intended to give us carte blanche to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. Yet I can think of no narrower reason that seems to me to justify the present and the earlier decisions to which I have referred. Of course the words "due process of law" if taken in their literal meaning have no application to this case; and while it is too late to deny that they have been given a much more extended and artificial significance, still we ought to remember the great caution shown by the Constitution in limiting the power of the states, and should be slow to construe the clause in the Fourteenth Amendment as committing to the Court, with no guide but the Court's own discretion, the validity of whatever laws the states may pass. In this case the bonds, notes and bank accounts were within the power and received the protection of the state of Missouri; the notes so far as appears were within the considerations that I offered in the earlier decisions mentioned, so that logically Missouri was justified in demanding a *quid pro quo;* the practice of taxation in such circumstances I think has been ancient and widespread, and the tax was warranted by decisions of this Court. Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company vs. Assessors for the Parish of Orleans, 221 U. S. 346, 354, 355. Wheeler vs. Sohmer, 233 U. S. 424. (I suppose that these cases and many others now join Blackstone vs. Miller on the *Index Expurgatorius*—but we need an authoritative list.) It seems to me to be exceeding our powers to declare such a tax a denial of due process of law.
>
> And what are the grounds? Simply so far as I can see that it is disagreeable to a bondowner to be taxed in two places. Very probably it might be good policy to restrict taxation to a single place, and perhaps the technical conception of domicile may be the best determinant. But it seems to me that if that result is to be reached it should be reached through understanding among the states, by uniform legislation or otherwise, not by evoking a constitutional prohibition from the void of "due process of law" when logic, tradition and authority have united to declare the right of the state to lay the now prohibited tax.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, who won the Republican nomination for Governor in the recent primary election in Pennsylvania, asserts that the Vare machine, which he defeated, tried to steal the election and is still trying to do so. His opponent, Francis Shunk Brown, is trying to disfranchise 60,000 voters in Luzerne County, and defeat Mr. Pinchot, because the ballots were perforated to prevent dishonest substitutions. This was done, Mr. Pinchot points out, by the full board of election judges, with the approval of the leaders of both political factions and the endorsement of the county commissioner. Mr. Pinchot says that in Lackawanna County not fewer than 10,000 votes were stolen from him and that in Dickson County the number of votes cast exceeded the total number of voters by 350 percent, nearly all the ballots going to Brown. In Philadelphia, he finds the customary situation: in seventy-five voting divisions in that city, the machine candidate got 100 percent of the votes. Gross corruption is the standard practice in Pennsylvania elections, and no one need be surprised if all of Governor Pinchot's charges prove to be correct. In fact, this election seems to have been in some ways a little more honest than usual. The United States Senate Committee investigating campaign expenses has discovered only expenditures of a million or so, as against the three million which was squandered in the primary in 1926.

IN FINDING a successor to Secretary of Labor Davis, who will resign to conduct his campaign for Senator from Pennsylvania, President Hoover has an opportunity to make a really distinguished appointment. The position has not been well filled for many years. Mr. Hoover was reported, soon after his election, to be seeking a good man for the work, but he was embarrassed by the fact that organized labor could not unite on a candidate, and most of those mentioned were of second-rate capacity for administering the office as it ought to be done. Now it is suggested that he should name Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, who has so successfully carried out the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner maternity act, as well as the other duties of her office. Miss Abbott is not a politician, either of the labor or the party variety, but a trained expert whose heart is in her work. She has a degree in political science from the University of Chicago, was the first director of the

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Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago and was executive secretary successively of the State Immigration Commissions of Illinois and Massachusetts. She would undoubtedly administer the immigration laws with the utmost consideration for the immigrants—something which has been sadly lacking. In addition, she understands the requirements of good statistical work, which is so important a feature of the Labor Department's activities. Many are urging Miss Abbott because they would like to see a woman in the Cabinet; we do so because she would make an unusually able Secretary of Labor.

MATTHEW WOLL, not speaking, it must be clearly understood, for American labor—though he is a vice-president of the A. F. of L.—has again urged the passage of the tariff bill on the ground that American capital, invested abroad to exploit "cheap foreign labor," will send its products to this country, creating unemployment and reduced wages here as a result. He cites the Ford tractor factory in Ireland, which ships a large share of its output to the United States. A few questions to Mr. Woll are in order. What will be the result on European wages and employment if American capital is invested there to a large enough extent to justify his fears? Will European labor remain "cheap"? Will it buy more, or less, of the things made by American labor? Must capital invested in one place necessarily be withdrawn from another place? And if he objects to the investment of American capital in Ireland, why does he not object to the investment of New York capital in Michigan, or of Massachusetts capital in North Carolina? Does he think protection could possibly furnish a remedy for the flow of capital, whether from state to state or from nation to nation? Isn't the real and ultimate remedy for low wages labor organization—provided employers have ability to pay? And shouldn't we expect Mr. Woll to be concerned more about labor organization—whether in Ireland or Detroit—and less about the few specially favored manufacturers whom, alone, protection can protect?

FROM a reliable source, which must be nameless for obvious reasons, The New Republic has received a striking picture of academic conditions in Italy today. Our informant writes:

> Perhaps you have seen in the newspapers a report of the new regulation about appointment of presidents of universities and deans of faculties in our country. They will be exclusively selected from men "wearing the badge," [of Fascism] and with preference for those having records of five years' service in the ranks. This looks extraordinarily serious; but nobody is obliged to wear the badge and scholars without worldly ambitions can struggle on without infamy.
>
> You know, also, that professors can be dismissed if they give outward expression to their anti-Fascist sentiments. This is more serious; but, then, men can be prudent. Dissimulation is a virtue in troubled times. You know that professors can be transferred from place to place, if they are deemed "incompatible" with their present position. This can mean financial and family losses; but still, the victimized men have no trouble with their consciences. You know that professors on the black list cannot sit on boards for the appointment or promotion of professors, selection of delegations to international congresses, etc. This is very bad, as the recruiting of the teaching personnel will steadily sink in quality, men being chosen for political reasons. Still, excluded men can say: *non mea culpa.*
>
> But the last and worst thing is coming. From authoritative sources it is announced that all professors in universities, secondary schools and, it may be supposed, elementary schools, will be asked to take a new oath. The formula is not exactly known; but surely it will be a hypocritical one. In short, it will amount to a profession of loyalty to the present regime; perhaps including the Prime Minister along with the King and the Heir Apparent.
>
> Professors are, more or less, sophisticated men; and they will easily recall Jesuitic definitions and distinctions between binding and non-binding oaths. They will all sign this paper, except, perhaps, some old men nearing the age limit. Even rich men will subscribe, because they will fear reprisals on their property.
>
> What is the government aiming at with these proceedings? Not any change in inner opinions. They know that the soul of the intellectual class is not with them. They want to prostitute these individuals. They want to make the silent, inoffensive but irreducible remnant of independent men despicable to themselves, feeling morally unworthy to speak to their students. They want to destroy conscience.
>
> Professors and students have saved the honor of Spain; but things are very different in our country. Nobody would dare to give a loaf of bread to any "ruined" man; they would be left wholly to themselves, and nobody would marvel if they were sent to the islands. Will they not have openly declared, by their refusal, their opposition to the regime?
>
> Their only hope lies in a vigorous campaign of protest against this last terrible crime against freedom of thought, a campaign conducted outside the borders of Italy. The power which rules our country is sensitive only to hostile criticism in the foreign press. This fear has already brought great benefit to certain groups of persecuted men. Therefore, I have laid before you the case of our dying profession.

Prohibition Repeal—Practical Politics

THE Literary Digest prohibition poll, it is generally admitted, has changed the atmosphere of the prohibition debate. The New Republic, for instance, has in the past based its opposition to the existing state of affairs merely on the belief that large minorities in restricted regions were conscientious violators of the law and could not be coerced. We should never have ventured to suggest that a plurality of voters in the country at large were in favor of repeal of the Amendment, or that an

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actual majority were opposed to strict enforcement. Yet, according to the Digest vote, 40 percent want repeal and 29 percent in addition want modification. This test of opinion is having a daily effect, as politician after politician shifts toward Wetness from evasiveness, or modifies a hitherto uncompromising Dry stand.

But the major benefit of the poll has been, we think, too little appreciated. As an axiom underlying all conscientious attempts to solve the prohibition question there has been the conviction that the Eighteenth Amendment could not be repealed. Repeal requires the assent of three-fourths of the states, and it has always been assumed that at least thirteen states were irretrievably Dry. This assumption made an ultimately wholesome solution of the difficulty seem impossible. A candidate might, as Al Smith did, propose a measure logically satisfying to the anti-prohibitionists, but such a measure, since it involved repeal, had to be recognized as beyond the limits of political realism. It appeared to be a mere gesture with a flavor of insincerity, like boldly setting sail for the moon. Anyone who refused to rest in such an intellectualist formula could turn only to legislative acts which would provide unsatisfactory attempts to get round the Amendment, like redefinitions of intoxicating liquor, or to judicial exemptions from the main purpose of the law, like the sanction for manufacturing one's own beverages and the lack of penalty for patronizing the bootlegger. One could support nullification on conscientious or historical grounds, but one could not expect as the end of nullification a change in the legal proscription. There seemed to be no way finally to rid the body politic of the malignant tissue created by prohibition—unless one accepted the possibility of real enforcement.

But repeal is unexpectedly revealed as an attainable objective of practical politics. That is like a clear, cool breeze after a sultry day. The oppressiveness of the issue has disappeared. Dwight Morrow's proposal, essentially similar to that of Al Smith, was accepted in quite a different spirit, partly because it was recognized as an end which might be achieved. Most commentators were themselves totally unconscious of the change which had taken place in their assumptions about repeal.

Exactly what have the Digest figures to tell us about this matter? In the first place, we may explain why we take the figures seriously as an indication of the voters' sentiment. Statisticians who deal scientifically with economic or social phenomena are accustomed to the use of the sampling method. Select a good enough sample, even at random, and the analysis of the sample will reveal with surprising accuracy the constitution of the whole group, though the sample be small. Many familiar and reliable statistics are assembled in this way—such as statistics of prices or of life expectancy. That the Digest method of sampling is good might be inferred from the geographical distribution of the ballots, and the fact that the names are selected from sources having nothing to do with the question at issue. Corroborative evidence comes from the reasonable accuracy of its predictions in presidential elections. No doubt some bias exists in the present figures due to a disproportionate number of men, or to insufficient relative distribution in rural districts, but the errors resulting cannot be large enough to alter much the main results. And they are offset to a great degree by the astonishing size of the sample. The 4,806,464 ballots sent in actually equal 13 percent of the popular vote in the 1928 presidential election. Many a reputable scientific conclusion rests on analysis of a sample much smaller than this.

As practical certainties, we have five states showing clear majorities for repeal, and five with majorities for strict enforcement. Where the other states would fall if such a proposal as Mr. Smith's or Mr. Morrow's were put up to a popular referendum on which all the voters had to register either a yes or no is a matter for speculation. It depends on the opinions held by those in the "modification" column. It must be remembered that in the Digest poll, the voters were presented with three choices which did not include anything like this proposal. Those who voted for repeal did so without any such proviso as the retention of federal prohibition of interstate shipment to Dry states, or state regulation which would eliminate the saloon. Those who voted for modification cast their ballots specifically for light wines and beer. Would a substantial proportion of these modificationists prefer repeal to strict enforcement if they had to make the choice? Would still more do so if the repeal proposition were accompanied by a positive program such as Mr. Smith's or Mr. Morrow's? It seems reasonable to suppose so. At the very least they would be open to conviction in a vigorously conducted campaign.

The addition of enough modification votes to the repeal column would swing the necessary thirty-six states in line. Some of the states—in particular the thirteen which, in addition to the five already having a repeal majority, cast more than 40 percent of their ballots for repeal—would be fairly easily captured. But there are thirteen states which either have enforcement majorities or cast more than 40 percent of their ballots for enforcement. These states will form the final entrenchments of the Drys. At least one of them must be won away in order to make repeal possible. How many of the light-wine and beer ballots would have to be transferred to a good repeal program in order to carry any one of these states? In Maine, slightly more than 60 percent. In Texas, about 70 percent. In Iowa, about 76 percent. In Nebraska and Colorado, about 80 percent. In Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina, almost 100 percent.

There is no way of predicting whether or not this is likely. But at least it looks possible. We are not debarred by common sense from attempting it.

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The change from the former Digest poll on this subject shows a marked drift against prohibition, which may continue. This vote was undertaken without any preliminary canvass by Wet forces having a program and prestige. The effect of the poll itself in swinging sentiment had not been felt when the votes were cast. Intangibles of changed morale on both sides had not registered their effect. It is conceivable even that some Drys in the states favoring enforcement would, when faced with an overwhelming Wet sentiment in other states, consent to a modification of the Amendment in the interest of the majority, rather than attempt to enforce what was obviously minority and outside rule on other, more numerous and more popular communities.

The Digest poll clearly shows the turn of the prohibition tide. Slowly it has been creeping out; now that we have noticed it, it will seem to go faster. The American public is especially one which goes to extremes in major political movements; it proceeds from action to reaction. Enforcement is not only impossible but is losing ground in public opinion; in the end repeal is far more likely than any modification compromise.

Admirals and Peace

THOSE American admirals who are opposed to the terms of the naval treaty of London have now shot their bolt. They have done their best to convince the people that agreement is more dangerous than no agreement, and that building ships under definite limitations is more expensive and difficult than engaging in an unlimited race. How much effect their testimony will have upon the Senate remains to be seen; but newspaper observers are almost unanimous in thinking the treaty will be favorably reported by the Foreign Affairs Committee, probably by a three-to-one vote, and ratified by a decisive majority.

The chief harm the admirals' testimony has done has probably been in Great Britain and Japan. In both these countries similar groups of naval officers and their civilian supporters are opposing ratification of the treaty for reasons which are ludicrously identical with those advanced in the United States. In each country, the militarists assert that the other two powers have been given a dangerous advantage. The hostile and belligerent attitude the Americans have revealed in the hearings at Washington has added strength to the arms of the admirals in Tokio and London, and increased the risk that the treaty may be rejected.

By their action, the naval men have shown once and for all how untrustworthy they are as guides for national policy. There is the best possible testimony that the London Treaty gives each of the three powers a navy adequate for its own defense, but not strong enough for offensive warfare against either of the other two. This is not a new principle: it was established by the Washington Treaty of 1922. It is a wise and sound policy; anything else would make a ghastly joke of the Kellogg Pact, and of every other effort for the prevention of war in the past twelve years. The admirals, if they had their way, would scrap all of this achievement. They believe—and we do not doubt that they are sincere and patriotic in their belief—that their own country should have a bigger and stronger navy than any other. And since the British admirals believe the same thing, and the Japanese admirals—bearing in mind the relative size and strength of their country—do likewise, if they get their way the world will be thrown back into an unlimited competition in armament like that which existed before 1914. Despite Senator Johnson's ridiculous attempt to argue the contrary, such a program would be infinitely more costly in the long run than building up to parity with Great Britain—even if you assume, which The New Republic does not, that signing the treaty makes this amount of building necessary. It would also involve the threat of war which always exists when an armament race is in progress.

We do not believe that the admirals should have been refused the right to speak their minds. Having been summoned as witnesses, they were under obligation to tell the Senate Committee what they thought. Yet it is clear that their attitude, reflected as it is in every other leading country, is a menace to the peace of the world. It is now plain, if it never was before, that statesmen will have to take over the task of guiding the policies of nations. The military and naval men, through long years of training, know only one path to follow, and it leads to destruction.

Flathead—A Power Yardstick

UNDER the guidance of Mr. J. Henry Scattergood, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the much disputed Flathead water-power site, one of the largest in the country, has finally been leased. The lessor is the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a subsidiary of the Montana Power Company, which is in turn an Electric Bond and Share property. An article in The New Republic some months ago showed how, in the hearings on this project, Mr. Scattergood, aided by Mr. William V. King, chief accountant of the Federal Power Commission, demonstrated the extremely low costs and the large profits of the Montana company. The value of this type of analysis is shown in the new lease, which goes far to safeguard the interests both of the consuming public and of the Indian owners of the site—much farther, undoubtedly, than was at first thought conceivable by the successful applicant, and farther than has been customary in leases under the Federal Water Power Act.

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The Secretary of the Interior and Mr. Scattergood have already been bitterly attacked for leasing the site to the power "trust" at all. The American Indian Defense Association and other reform groups had espoused the cause of a competing bidder, Mr. Walter H. Wheeler of Minneapolis, both because he was an independent and because he offered more to the Indians and the public than was originally offered by the Rocky Mountain Power Company. The New Republic has not felt justified in supporting either of these applicants; it did not have enough technical knowledge of the facts, and it is far more interested in the principles of power regulation than in the respective merits of private exploiters. We do not care now to pass judgment on the final choice, although we note with gratification that the rental to the Indians as fixed in the lease is considerably higher than the first bid of either party.

A more telling argument against the decision might be built on the ground that no lease should have been made before the pending reorganization of the Federal Power Commission, whose staff has been badly split. But the responsibility for the present decision rests mainly on Mr. Wilbur as Secretary of the Interior and on Mr. Scattergood as guardian of the Indians. And Mr. Scattergood, who has given thorough study to the case, is amply equipped for the task by his experience as Public Service Commissioner in Pennsylvania under Gifford Pinchot. We were among those who first advanced the plea for delay, principally because of a hope that if the decision were put off, a movement might arise for public development of this water-power site.

Then it might have been added to the publicly owned and operated Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals and St. Lawrence developments as another "yardstick" by which the costs and efficiency of large private generating plants could be measured. There is, however, no such movement in Congress at present. Officials responsible for administering the water-power law are not under any obligation to refuse to lease sites because of a faint hope that Congress may, some time, decide upon public development. Indeed, they might justly be censured should they do so. And the character of the lease is such that almost as good a yardstick is provided as if the government itself should build and operate the plant. Indeed, it is this aspect of the matter which furnishes the chief reason for the present editorial comment.

The Rocky Mountain Power Company is created especially to build and operate the Flathead project. Its costs and profits will be known to a cent, unmixed with any other operations of the controlling interests. Thus the accounting problem of the federal regulating authorities is simple.

No securities of the Rocky Mountain Power Company can be issued except for cash or the equivalent. Thus there can be no overcapitalization and no bonuses to bankers or promoters. And, under the law, the plant must be valued, for reckoning the adequacy of the return, on the principle of "prudent investment"—that is, at what it actually costs to build, or should cost under prudent management.

There is to be a contract between the Rocky Mountain Power Company and the parent concern by which the latter agrees to take the power generated, at the actual cost of generating it; including the rental of the lands, plus an 8-percent return on the prudent cost of plant construction. Thus the cost of the power to the distributing company will contain no items of inflated or fictitious values. And this cost will be a matter of record, for the use of the state regulating commission. As a matter of fact, it will be less than two and one-half mills per kilowatt hour—an extremely low figure. This is as far as the federal government can go in regulation under the present law. But it furnishes to the consumers of the state important and essential information of the same sort which would be provided by a federally owned "yardstick." The state commission, if it will, may proceed to fix rates on the basis of this known cost, plus distributing costs as ascertained by itself.

Even this low generating cost is probably higher than would be the case under public construction, because it includes an 8-percent return, instead of the 4 percent or less which it would be necessary to pay on public bond issues. But, at least, the arrangement furnishes a clear and logical basis for regulation. If the federal authorities watch the construction carefully and set up proper accounting control, and if the state authorities take advantage of the information which the federal lease offers them, the consumers ought to benefit. The lease marks an advance in the assignment of federally owned power sites. And the result strengthens the case for rendering it possible for the Federal Power Commission to carry on its accounting duties in the thoroughgoing fashion exemplified in this instance by the work of Mr. King—instead of in the inadequate way favored by the power interests who have been out for Mr. King's scalp.

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Public Utility Profiteering

THE DOUBLE investigation of the public-utility companies recently conducted in Washington by the Federal Trade Commission and the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee has attracted less attention than the debates over prohibition, the tariff and the naval treaty. Nevertheless, the Trade Commission and the Senate committee have succeeded between them in uncovering matter of greater significance, perhaps, than any revealed previously in the whole history of the power war.

Facts which the utility holding companies have long battled to keep hidden have at last been dragged forth to light: facts showing the close tie-up between all power groups; facts about the amount of "water" in the fixed capital of the companies; above all, facts revealing the tremendous profits the holding companies have been, and are, deriving from the subsidiaries they control. Most of these revelations have been made through the activities of the Federal Trade Commission. At the same time, the Senate committee investigating the affairs of the Federal Power Commission has been discovering something of the methods by which the power companies are attempting to inflate their investment accounts to the extent of some $84,000,000, and something of the past failure of the Power Commission to oppose them.

Indeed, it is possible that the disclosures of the past few months may result in a complete alteration of the relationship between the federal government and the private power companies. There is already a strong movement in the Senate toward legislation to provide for federal regulation of all interstate power rates. Whether this succeeds or not, it is more than likely that the next session will see a complete reorganization of the Power Commission; if not at once to give it greater rate regulatory powers, at least to provide it with the men and money needed to clean up the accounting mess into which it has fallen in the ten years of its existence. Meanwhile, by the facts discovered, the public is given an interesting indication of the millions and millions of dollars it has been paying in excess of a fair rate for power, light and heat.

The American Gas and Electric Company, a holding corporation with seventeen subsidiaries operating in nine states, is not by any means the largest of such groups in the power industry. Yet its books, when examined by the Federal Trade Commission, revealed profits on a mammoth scale.

During the past thirteen years, for instance, this company has collected $16,624,562 in fees for engineering and management services to its subsidiaries. The cost of furnishing these services was $4,360,957. A profit of 280 percent over costs. Or, to put it in another way, for a period of thirteen years the holding company has been making a profit of seventy-four cents on every dollar charged for services to its subsidiaries! Is it any wonder, then, that when the Trade Commission first called for the ledgers of Electric Bond and Share, the greatest of all the holding companies, its officials defied the Commission and went into the courts rather than let the difference between fees and costs become known?

State boards, of course, have always been able to learn, from the books of the operating companies, the amounts of fees paid by them to the holding companies. But holding companies, as a rule, do an interstate business, over which the state boards have no control: hence, until now, it has been impossible to learn whether or not their fees have been excessive. The truth, however, is finally coming to light. In the case of American Gas and Electric, for instance, one subsidiary alone—the Ohio Power Company—is shown to have paid, last year, $316,392 more for engineering services than the entire cost of supplying such service to all seventeen of the Gas and Electric subsidiaries!

Such revelations provide an almost incontrovertible argument for federal regulation of the rates in interstate commerce, which as yet no agency controls. And there are other facts, equally significant, revealing overnight inflation in the valuation of power-company stocks—as of one which, on a million-dollar investment, now controls stocks valued at $375,000,000; revealing relationships, suspiciously close, existing between the various companies in the power group—as does the evidence that American Gas and Electric has interconnecting power lines, or joint ownership of generating plants, with the Insull group, the Doherty group, United Gas Improvement, the Byllesby group, the Philadelphia Electric Company, and others, while its relation with Electric Bond and Share is even more intimate. In the face of such evidence, the conclusion that the whole mighty power industry is in effect one single force is inescapable.

Meanwhile, the Senate Committee has been making its own discoveries.

The duties of the Federal Power Commission include the licensing of private companies to develop power sites on the public domain. When such a license is issued, the law requires the Commission to determine the actual, legitimate cost to the company of the development undertaken, and from this to fix the company's net investment. The net investment then becomes, under the law, the basis for certain future proceedings.

First, in those states which have no local utility

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regulation, the Federal Commission is empowered to regulate the rates of companies it has licensed to operate. The net investment is the basis upon which the rates are computed.

Second, it is possible that the plants and projects of licensees may in the future revert to the federal government, or to a state or city government. In such recapture proceedings, the price to be paid the company would be based on the net investment.

Finally, the net investment plays a direct part in the issuance of power-company securities. There are about twenty states which do not regulate issuance of utility securities, and in these states the Federal Power Commission has the authority to act, limiting the issuance of securities according to the amount of the net investment.

It will be seen, then, that a rigid control by the Commission of the companies it licenses, in the matter of the net investment involved, is of prime importance, with respect not only to present rate charges, but also to various future operations of the power companies. Yet Mr. William V. King, chief accountant for the Federal Power Commission, has testified that the attempted padding of accounts on the part of twenty companies amounts to about $84,000,000, and further that the Commission, in the ten years since it was organized, has not given a single decision interpreting the provisions of the Federal Water Power Act as to net investments and accounting methods—in spite of the fact that important cases now pending cannot be concluded until such decisions are made.

The Niagara Falls Power Company, for instance, claims its net investment to be $77,671,451. The Power Commission's accounting division believes the actual investment is only $20,500,000. But it cannot be sure, because the Niagara Falls Power Company refuses to let its books be examined. Action, first by the Commission and then by the courts, will be necessary to determine which is the correct figure.

When an attempt was made two years ago to put facts concerning this case and similar ones before Congress as an argument for a larger and more efficient accounting staff for the Federal Power Commission, the Niagara Falls Power Company learned of it, and was successful in having twelve pages deleted from the Commission's report. The twelve pages have just been made public by the Senate. This is the story they tell.

So far as the Niagara Falls Power Company is concerned, it is a story of how an expenditure of $20,500,000 grew to a figure almost four times as great. It gives in more detail than has yet been available the manner in which power-company investments can be made to grow and grow and grow.

The Niagara Falls Power Company was formed in 1918 by consolidation of the Cliff Electrical Distributing Company, the Hydraulic Power Company, and an earlier Niagara Falls Power Company. Its history, however, goes farther back.

In 1909, the Cliff Electrical Distributing Company took over part of the properties of a company known as the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company. This company carried the transferred properties on its own books at $422,000. When the Cliff Electrical Company took them over, it paid $750,000 in stocks and bonds. Inflation: 78 percent.

Some time later, the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company transferred the rest of its properties to the Hydraulic Power Company. The fixed capital account of the former was $3,973,716 at the time of the transfer. The new company, however, issued stock to the amount of $12,000,000 in payment for the property and business. It set up on its books, under the caption of purchased property, an item of $15,771,209.

So far, this transaction and that in which the Cliff Electrical Distributing Company took part account for additions of $12,123,964 to investment accounts. Here is the rest of the inflating:

The original Niagara Falls Power Company in 1890 entered into a contract with the Cataract Construction Company for acquisition of properties and construction of a power plant. There are differences of opinion as to what relation, if other than contractual, existed between the two companies. However, records of the New York Public Service Commission show that a total of $9,892,239 was paid the construction company, of which $1,815,150 was listed as profit. The Power Commission's record says:

> The aggregate of inflations of capital previously mentioned, plus the "profit" paid to the Cataract Construction Company, amounts to approximately $14,000,000 out of the aggregate property investment account of $34,500,000 existing at the time of the consolidation.
>
> This latter figure was, after consolidation, entered on the books of the Niagara Falls Power Company as an undistributed item representing the company's property investment as of date of consolidation. Their claim for "fair value" of property transferred is $77,671,451.

Finally, the company's accounts contain an item of $32,000,000 for water rights, apparently obtained from the government at practically no cost.

From Pennsylvania comes another striking example of inflation.

The Clarion River Power Company, holding a license from the Federal Power Commission, claims its net investment as $11,032,816. King estimates the actual construction cost as $4,360,000, and considers that additional expenditures make the legitimate cost of the project not more than $5,773,000.

The Clarion River Power Company, during the period of construction, was controlled by the H. D. Walbridge Company, a firm of New York bankers which also controlled a Pennsylvania public-utilities company, a real-estate company and a construction company.

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Now, the Walbridge Company charged the Clarion, its own subsidiary, $2,214,000 for services. Of this, about half was for engineering service, and has not been questioned by the accountants. These other items, however, are questioned:

For services in securing a contract with the General Construction Company: $200,000.

For services in securing a contract with the Penn Public Service Corporation to purchase output of plant: $300,000.

To guarantee payment of principal and interest of Clarion River Power Company bonds: $200,000.

Expenses in connection with the issuance of securities by the Clarion River Power Company, and familiarizing local investors with the market for Clarion River development: $294,102.80.

All these companies mentioned were controlled by the Walbridge Company—which is, therefore, seen in the interesting position of charging itself round sums for selling its own services to itself, and then entering the amounts of the claims of its own subsidiary. These charges, moreover, are quite apart from the $2,594,736 paid by the Clarion for engineering services to the General Construction Company, and from an item of $451,000 for promotion stock issued to another firm. The difference between the eleven-million-dollar claim of the company as actual legitimate investment, and the amount found legitimate by the accountants, is $5,259,816.

Another case: In the construction of the Conowingo Dam in Pennsylvania and Maryland, four companies took part. They agreed, when applying for a license from the Power Commission, that pre-license costs should be determined jointly by the Public Service Commissions of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the Federal Power Commission. In the end, the companies made a joint claim of $9,000,000 for pre-license development costs.

After investigation, the three commissions reported that of a total of $7,246,832.07, appearing on the books as costs, only $3,090,253.14 apparently represented actual legitimate cost. The sum of $3,443,708.35 appeared not to be a proper charge to the project. As for the balance of $712,870.58, the commissions reported themselves as being doubtful. The total amount questioned was more than 50 percent of the original claim.

The Alabama Power Company's claim of $10,968,000 for the construction of the Mitchell Dam was cut in an almost equal proportion by the accountants. "It is doubtful," the report reads, "if more than $7,000,000 of this amount can be considered as actual legitimate cost." Among the questioned items is $3,500,000—"representing the alleged value of a few acres of land and water rights," which cost "probably less than $50,000."

Again, sometimes these high book values have a boomerang effect, as in the case of the Northern Connecticut Power Company, which listed the value of its water rights at $1,050,000—until the Bureau of Internal Revenue attempted to assess a tax based on this valuation. Then the power company suddenly confessed that the value was fictitious, and protested vigorously against the tax.

Another case of how small accounts may grow into big ones is that of the Chelan Electric Company in Washington.

In 1906, one J. T. McChesney expended $262,000 for lands and water rights to enlarge his electrical power project in order to supply power to the Great Northern Railway. Next year, the Chelan Electric Company bought him out. It immediately issued $500,000 worth of stock, which was bought by the railway company at a price sufficient to cover McChesney's expenditures. Subsequently, the railway company made advances to the Chelan company amounting to $858,992.

Now, the Washington Water Power Company, making out its statement of pre-license costs after buying out the Chelan company, includes not only a $342,498 item for compound interest at 6 percent on the advances made by the Great Northern, but also a $516,000 item for compound interest from 1907 on the $262,000 the railway company paid for its stock—a total interest charge of $859,000, or 78 percent of the whole amount claimed to have been paid for all the properties.

There is the case of the Minnesota Utilities Company, which the Commission, by examination of deeds and canceled revenue stamps, discovered to have paid originally $48,000 for land and flowage rights—for which now a pre-license claim of $534,500 is asked by the present holding company.

But the instances are endless. One of the latest is the interesting disclosure that many companies have included in their statements of expenditures the amounts they spent for lobbying against the Federal Water Power Act when it was originally brought before Congress!

In the face of such disclosures, not even the most conservative members of the Senate have been able to support or even attempt to justify conditions as they now are. At present, the chief weakness is in the organization of the Federal Power Commission itself. Three Cabinet members—the Secretaries of the Interior, of War, and of Agriculture—compose it, and it is obvious that in the press of their Cabinet duties, little time is left for them to concern themselves with the problems of power. In effect, therefore, the executive secretary of the Commission has been left in charge, and as evidence abundantly shows, the result has been far from satisfactory. Differences of opinion may arise as to what reforms are necessary, but it is certainly evident that some reforms must be made. Senator Couzens is at present sponsoring a bill to create a full-time commission. Wider powers, a larger accounting staff, are also recommended. Federal regulation is in the air. It will be interesting to see what kind of a fight the utilities put up, against the evidence, when Congress finally takes hold of the matter.

RUTH FINNEY.

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Lobbying in Women's Clubs

THE OPEN season for conventions and propaganda is now at its height. Between April 15 and July 4, fourteen national organizations pledged to physical, educational, social and religious welfare will have met in annual or biennial conventions. Some 13,000 delegates, representing, it is said, a combined membership of 10,000,000, 90 percent of whom are women, will have been exposed to propaganda in the form of "inspirational addresses."

Stewart Edward White said recently, "We are the most ingenious people when it comes to kidding ourselves along." He might have added, "And the most ingenuous of people when exposed to propaganda." Under pressure of high-powered publicity agents for commercial associations, a convention hall may be transformed from a forum into a fallow field for manufactured opinion. In the hands of public-relations chairmen employed by national reform groups, most delegates are as wax.

In the good old days when lobbying in conventions, Congress and state legislative halls was regarded as a disreputable profession, men and women were selected for the work because they were persistent, aggressive or diplomatic; because they had a crude but uncanny understanding of human nature, or because they were genial, likable and could dispense hospitality gaily—and where it would do the most good. They did not belong to the group to which they were assigned. They worked from without and could be snubbed or dismissed with impunity.

Today the successor of the lobbyist, generally known as a chairman of public relations, is a member of the group to be influenced—preferably part of its inner circle, if not actually an officer, and, therefore, in a position to mold opinion. Such propagandists bore from within, and their removal is difficult because such action might reflect discredit on the organizations of which they are active and popular members.

In the federated women's clubs, easy prey for propagandists because they are so loosely organized and are subject to frequent change of administration, public-relations chairmen are rendering noble service to outside interests.

In New York, an ex-president of the City Federation is serving simultaneously as public-relations director for an outdoor advertising agency and as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions for the State Federation. The State Federation has a department of art to direct the fight on billboards which menace the beauty of highways. At the next convention of the State Federation, that department will have as much chance to put through a resolution condemning billboards or demanding that they be taxed as a victim of laryngitis has to make himself heard in a subway express. And the public-relations director of the outdoor advertising association does not draw a salary for her knowledge of billboard art!

The chairman of the American Home Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is an ex-president possessing exceptional financial acumen. During her own administration she drew a generous salary (indirectly, of course,) from a national association of light and power companies, in return for spreading among American club women the comforting gospel of less drudgery, more leisure and more light. At the present moment she is the only woman serving as director on the board of the National Broadcasting Company.

The homes of America must have light, power and radios. What could be more generous than for purveyors of these utilities to supply able speakers for conventions and experts from within the organization's own ranks, to answer questions on such topics as consumer-costs and the comparative advantages of municipally and privately owned plants, and to encourage the installation of radio equipment in public schools?

And now comes another ex-president of the General Federation, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, to interpret the wishes of organized womanhood in America to the film industry, and conversely to explain to organized womanhood the excellent intentions of the industry—all, of course, on a salary paid by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., of which the indefatigable Mr. Will Hays is president. Women must be paid. This is an age of economic equality.

During the open season for propaganda the prohibition forces have assigned their ablest speakers to address conventions. Patriotic societies have trembled under reports showing the growth of Communism in America. Medical and nursing groups have been warned against the United States Children's Bureau and against federal aid for state maternity and infancy work as the entering wedge of Soviet government in this country. Parent-teacher groups have been fed the doctrine of a federal department of education with a secretary in the Cabinet.

As this issue of The New Republic goes to press, delegates representing nearly three million sincere, home-making and home-loving women are gathering in Denver for the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. According to reliable advance information, propaganda on two subjects of major importance will be sandwiched in between platform courtesies, inspirational speeches,

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teas and sight-seeing trips—namely, the strengthening of the General Federation's stand on the Eighteenth Amendment and the endorsement of Mrs. Winter as the "official representative" of the federated clubs in the film industry.

The founders of the General Federation were deeply interested in all religious and temperance movements. The national body has always been listed among the Dry organizations. But today vague doubts assail individual member-clubs. Particularly in cities where night clubs and speakeasies are encroaching on residential districts and where officers of country clubs have found it expedient to ignore the hip-flask habits of junior members, club women have begun to question the efficacy of prohibition. On the Canadian border, where they live among daily scenes of rum-running, danger and bloodshed, many club women have joined the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. However, in Mrs. Edward Franklin White, former vice-president of the General Federation, lawyer, politician and authority on parliamentary law, the Drys have a leader who is expert in tabling motions and muzzling free speech.

The whitewashing of Mrs. Winter may not be so easy because of the wide publicity given to the recent controversy between Mr. Will Hays, to whom she owes her new position, and such men as the editor of The Churchman and the Reverend George Reid Andrews of the Church and Drama Association.

There is no good reason why Mrs. Winter should not have had this honor conferred upon her. Possibly no other woman is so well fitted for the post. She has made a serious study of the film industry and its output. She has the unctuous, persuasive platform manner which appeals to organized women. She knows and loves women, particularly club women, and she has had long experience in disseminating propaganda through club channels.

If Mr. Hays had appointed her as his personal choice for the post, no doubt the General Federation would have been duly flattered. Organization women generally would have applauded his selection and rolled out the red velvet carpet when Mrs. Winter traveled their way. But Mr. Hays made the mistake (one of the few in his long and colorful political career) of announcing Mrs. Winter as the official choice of organized women, although the choice was made at a purely informal conference of men and women friendly to the Hays association.

True, Mr. Hays, expert camoufleur, used the word "direct" instead of "official," but when the women back home read about the selection made in their name by unauthorized "delegates" at an unofficial conference of film enthusiasts, and heard that Mrs. John F. Sippel, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, had maneuvered the appointment with all the skill of a club politician, many groups promptly repudiated the action taken in their name. Embarrassing questions were asked. What had the women who helped to put over Mrs. Winter's appointment received? The Baltimore District Federation of Women's Clubs, which controls club policies in Mrs. Sippel's home town, passed strong resolutions condemning the exploitation of the General Federation for commercial purposes.

Mr. Hays and Mrs. Winter, however, have many staunch and understanding friends among the delegates to the biennial convention. Unquestionably both Mrs. Sippel and Mrs. Winter will be given the customary vote of confidence, and they may even receive the thanks of the convention for obtaining the appointment of a leading member of the federated clubs as the tsarina of the film industry.

Yet the situation is not hopeless. These sporadic outbursts on the part of individual groups may be silenced temporarily by adroit and powerful leaders, but they indicate that among women's organizations there is an undercurrent of revolt against undesirable policies laid down for them by national officers and endorsed by emotional delegates. Far more significant than the protest of the Baltimore Federation against the action taken at the Hays conference is an incident which followed the 1930 convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In presenting her report, the regent of a local chapter in an Eastern city gave a vivid picture of the session at which President Hoover challenged the preoccupation of the organization with preparedness and its propaganda against the World Court—the scene when, without a dissenting vote, the delegates adopted resolutions in favor of "large military and naval forces and military training for American youth and against entangling alliances and the World Court." A strange and foreboding silence followed her report; then a woman recognized as a leader in all good works for the community rose and made a motion that, there being a large voting majority present, the stand of the members on the resolutions adopted by the Washington convention be polled.

The motion carried. The vote proved that 90 percent of the members present were definitely in favor of arbitration, the World Court or the League of Nations, and opposed to military preparedness and training for youth. A committee was immediately appointed to draft resolutions of protest to be sent to the national organization, and the local regent retired in high dudgeon. Anyone who knows the arbitrary attitude of the national body realizes that if this protest is ever sent to Washington, its originators may be in for severe discipline, but they may also feel a certain grim satisfaction, inherited from their Revolutionary forebears, at having had the courage of their 1930 convictions.

The present situation in organizations is not strange. It is the natural result of progress among

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women. Years ago, the founders of the cultural-club movement talked glibly of liberating woman-thought, and of training women to take part in community and civic affairs. They builded better than they knew. Some of them have lived to see the organizations of the very women they yearned to help developing into a Frankenstein's monster which may crush the Federation which they created.

Superficial and stereotyped culture is disappearing before the highly specialized activities planned by groups like the League of Women Voters, the Association of American University Women and the various parent-teacher organizations. Half a dozen political campaigns, presidential, state and municipal, have almost destroyed feminine naïveté in public affairs. Having got behind the scenes in local politics, women have begun to apply the knowledge thus acquired to the maneuvers of officers in their own organized groups.

The new willingness to face facts and the revolt against propaganda are healthy symptoms. National officers who refuse to accept them as such will soon find themselves without an avocation. And the revolt needs neither prophet nor leader. Women en masse realize that they have been over-organized, overguided. They have determined to blaze new trails for themselves.

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON.

Judging Our Progressive Schools

The Second Contribution to the Symposium, "The New Education Ten Years After"

WHATEVER else may be included in the meaning of the word, sooner or later every normal person feels himself to have been cheated if his own "education" has not brought, or prepared him for, two specific satisfactions: first, a fair degree of personal integration of his powers and abilities; and second, a place in the world of work and of social and cultural interests. Judging them by these two important criteria, what shall we say of the progressive schools?

These schools have been active, within limited areas, in American education for more than thirty years. The idea probably first found fruitful expression in Chicago, during the nineties of the last century, in the notable work of Colonel Francis W. Parker and Professor John Dewey. If we are to be fair in our appraisals, we must take account of origins and developments. Why did the progressive school come into being?

The public school, which had been so fulsomely praised by American statesmen for its work in our rural and village days, was not finding the task of education easy in the growing industrial city. It was no longer the "little red schoolhouse," the center of much community life: it was becoming an academic institution, remote from the "real" world —a place where children went, under legal compulsion, to be taught lessons on which not many of them would have voluntarily chosen to waste much precious time. Discriminating parents, as well as intelligent educators, were beginning to criticize this academic institution. The course of study, they said, was becoming formalized and its materials were irrelevant or stupid; the children were being crammed with meaningless miscellaneous information; the individual child was being lost in the mass; conduct and opinion were ruthlessly regimented; individual initiative was suppressed; moral behavior was identified with a sterile obedience to routine, and barely a thought was given to that self-government which is befitting the citizen of a democracy. Educators like Parker and Dewey found in these criticisms the promise of a new day. Confirmed schoolmen replied to them with vigor. They still do. But the criticisms grew in volume and produced far-reaching results: the academic school has been modified a bit at least—and the progressive school has become a "movement."

The progressives, of that time and of today, have tried to deal with education, not merely as something that happens to children in schoolhouses, but as the life-long participation of all in all that makes up living. They know that, in this modern world, something called "school" must share the work of educating children and young people. They do not know exactly what this "school" is to be.

They are facing actual conditions in a changing world. They know that our life has no longer the simplicity of former times, when children got most of their education by realistic experiences with nature, by hard work, and from the folkways of the neighborhood, and when school could be bookish and still be acceptable. They see that the city children of today, and perhaps the country children, too, get less and ever less of their effective education from the family, from contacts with nature, from play that foreshadows future vocations, from neighborhood moralities, from the rituals and taboos of religion. Industry has almost completely vanished from the child's world. Discipline and meaning are not to be found in those fragments of sensation and emotion that snare the child in the streets and back-alleys. Something called "school"

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is needed today more than ever before. The agencies of confusion are everywhere: where shall the agencies of personal integration be found? The child has plenty of chance to belong to gangs: how shall he find a whole world, and get a real place in it? The part of the school in education is becoming vastly more important—but what sort of school is needed?

The academic schoolman usually argues, rather heatedly, that individual integration is probably a phantom and surely an evil. Democracy, he says, calls for "common living," and this is best assured by mass education—the discipline of the one by the many. For this aim, no other agency equal to the public school has ever been known. Children must be given common ways of living, common emotions, common knowledge, common understandings. Witness what can be done by the school when it deals with such masses as our enormous immigrant population: the public school has made "Americans" of them all!

But the progressive demurs that democracy cannot endure if education is to be nothing but a mass regimentation perpetuating the past in the present. This was not the way in which democracy came into being. The *present* did not develop by means of a mass perpetuation of the past, but by progressive changes, and change always implies variant individuals. Education must get inside the mass, to the individual. It would be a cosmic tragedy if the contemporary result of all past changes, including the emergence of scientific and evolutionary methods, were to be found in the denial of all further change, the suppression of all variants. No, the individual must have his chance: not alone the exceptional individual, who would probably survive the repressions of the academic school anyhow, but all individuals, each according to his nature. Education must accept the doctrine that each child is to become an individual, and make provision for his express personality. At least progressive education must do so.

No progressive school has ever quite gone to the limit of extreme individualism, but all have flirted with the doctrine. The characteristic of the progressive school is that it makes *the child* the most important item in the educational process: the child must be the center of his own world, the subject of his own career. He must be defended from all repressive customs of the adult world. He must be freed into his own potentialities. No arbitrary limits may be set to his adventurings: this is the age of science, and the lid is off the universe. No behavior patterns out of the past may be imposed. He must grow into his own stature, organizing himself according to whatever patterns he may create for himself as he pursues his own interests and seeks to satisfy his own needs. So, freed from the invidious past, he will, according to the doctrine, work out in good time his own personal education; and if the world offers him no place in which he can live and work and be happy, he will be prepared to make it over, bringing in a new social order adequate to his heart's desires.

No progressive school has ever practised this doctrine in its extreme forms, but all have admired it and each has come as near to it in practice as its courage and understanding would permit. Many real goods have come of this emphasis upon the individual, as well as some indisputable evils. We must briefly note a few of the goods, and then consider critically two of the evils implicated in the doctrine as it stands.

Even the critics of the progressive schools admit that they have made many real contributions to education. In intellectual lines, noteworthy results have been achieved: in the fields of history, English and geography, for example, progressive-school pupils have done creative research that outshines the work of many high-school and even college students of the formal type. In the various fields of art, in music, painting and the plastic arts, the results obtained have been little less than marvelous. In the yearly exhibitions of the progressive schools of New York City, work is shown which much older children might well be glad to own, and which makes most of the formal work of the academic schools insignificant indeed.

To many parents and educators, such results have seemed to promise an almost miraculous release from the formalities of the academic schools and the rise of a real education. But—these intellectual and artistic results do not stand alone. Other matters must be considered, and the evils must be taken with the goods. Before turning to two of the evils which seem, at present, to be inseparable from the work of these schools, I must introduce some concrete testimony.

II

"How do the students from the progressive schools compare with graduates from the more formal schools?" an intelligent teacher in a leading school for young women was recently asked. She answered:

"We find the girls from the progressive schools usually more interested in their work, more self-reliant, and occasionally more creative as individuals, though often their creativeness seems a very ephemeral thing, superficially emotional and erratic, not something to be permanently accepted into the habit of their lives. Many times, too, they are much more difficult to manage: they often seem undeveloped in character. This may be due to the fact that they are usually younger than girls from more formal schools. Sometimes, too, though perhaps not often, the "freedom" of the progressive school has gone to the girl's head, making her a difficult person—in a few cases a boorish young anarchist."

Other apparently unprejudiced teachers have made similar replies. There can be little doubt that children from progressive schools are often "problem" persons—immature, unintegrated and

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maladjusted from the standpoint of contemporary social conditions.

The wife of a leading professor in a liberal university, the mother of a boy of five, confessed her own educational uncertainties in this interesting fashion:

"I simply can't stand the mechanical medievalisms of the academic schools: the rote learning, the verbalisms, the empty shell of knowledge. On the other hand, I'm not 'sold' on the progressive schools either. The children of several of my friends have gone to such schools, and they leave me a bit depressed. Jerry Caldwell expresses his personality so completely that he refuses to eat with the rest of the family. . . . George Downey showed much natural artistic talent before he went to the school: now he's a precocious dilettante. . . . Bruce Merriman is as sharp as a whip, and he can be nice when he wants to be, but he is so utterly undisciplined and self-willed that he's a general nuisance. . . . John Shermand is so over-intellectualized and emotionally unbalanced that he's just not of this world. He lives on his emotions. He has great interest in abstract problems, but he can't make friends. He patters about religion, philosophy, capitalism, Marxian socialism, and he patters well, but his patter has no relationship whatever to the facts of life.

"There are times when I'd honestly rather take a chance with Karl in the academic school than in the progressive, since, even if going to the more formal school should make him duller than I should like, it might save him from becoming an impossible prig. . . . Anyhow, the progressive school doesn't go far enough: it takes a child half way, and then turns him over to the formal schools and colleges, and the institutionalized world, to go the rest of the way on his own. In these later situations, his 'creative' methods can do little but get him always into trouble—until he safely recovers from them!"

It seems certain that the progressive schools have been successful in their emotional rebellions against the "stupidities" of the academic schools, but not so successful in the intellectual task of establishing these freer methods as a positive instrument of personal education in a social world. Blame should not be heaped upon them for this failure, for they have undertaken a fundamental problem of education: namely, how to make sure that the ever widening experiences of the individual shall continuously integrate into a unifying *experience* both personally satisfying and socially effective. They are not to be blamed for failure to solve this problem, but for whatever avoidance of it their work and results may evidence. They cannot plead ignorance of its importance, for in addition to all the other criticisms that have appeared here and there, the whole matter was set before the Progressive Education Association in a notable address by Professor John Dewey, delivered at the annual meeting of that association in March, 1928, and later published in the official quarterly of the progressive schools.

III

And now, passing by the issue of praise and blame, I shall set down two specific items with respect to which the current results of progressive education are open to severe intellectual criticism. The first of these is the problem of the personal integration of the student into an organized human being; the second is the problem of the relationship of these students to the social world in which they are to live and work and, if possible, be happy. In respect to these two items, the progressive schools need to spend much time in the most careful study and practice—perhaps in prayer and fasting, too. I shall deal with each of these problems briefly.

No education is worthy of rational admiration that does not undertake to secure the conditions of personal integration to its children. The influences that disorganize are omnipresent. Institutional controls have largely failed. The older neighborhood is gone. Chaos is everywhere. And yet, in this chaos, youth must have patterns to follow. It cannot get ready for life by taking on the patterns of the past or by growing up in a patternless world of its own emotions, and it cannot make its own patterns. There are progressive schools, or perhaps individual teachers, who hold that the teacher must not permit herself to be used as a pattern, for that would mean the imposition of her own organization upon the child. But, without patterns of some sort, youthful activities must be random, sporadic, reaching desirable results by the sheerest accidents; without patterns, youth must end either in the madhouse, in jail, in suicide, in hobohemia or in the arms of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The progressive school fails at its most vital salient when it fails or refuses to offer its children the effective patterns that they need. Such failure or refusal can have but one result: the children must pick up whatever patterns or fragments of patterns they find lying around loose in their world —for they must have patterns. Naturally, they usually find less desirable ones. The teacher in the progressive school must be a foreshadowing of that more intelligent age to which all progressive education points. She must be this, or she has little business to be there. She can choose between being a pattern for the child on the one hand, and throwing that child back upon the casual patterns of the street, the playground or the movies on the other. Teachers do not escape responsibility by merely refusing to take it. If they refuse to be examples to their children, then they become problems to them; and young children bring enough problems to school with them, these days. They do not need teachers who add arbitrarily to them. These may be hard sayings—but the word "progressive" is a hard word.

The second item with respect to which the pro-

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gressive school must make profound inquiry raises the problem of the relationship of its graduates to the world, either of further schooling or of work and life. In this area, the progressive schools have done an enormous lot of rationalizing and logic-chopping. The argument usually advanced runs somewhat as follows: The progressive schools turn out children who can do the work of the later schools and colleges better than the graduates of formal courses can do it; hence, there need be no worry about the fate of their children in their later schooling. Likewise, these more brilliant students will have no real difficulty in finding their places in the world of vocations and social interests: the world always welcomes people of initiative and brains. Or, if anyone should find himself unhappy in his later school or work, he will have within himself the resources, the methods and the courage with which to make both school and the world over in terms that will supply his needs.

All such answers seem to be rationalizations, wishful thinkings, defenses of inertia. It is so easy to be enthusiastic about a new age and a new education; it is not so easy to bring them into being. Children from the progressive schools are often not at all happy in the formal schools —until, often, they have eradicated most of the influence of their earlier training. They cannot make the schools or the world over: they must suffer themselves to be made over; and this result seems a pity, one way or another. The world is too real for children—for most of them, at any rate. Maybe it ought not to be so; but education has to deal with realities.

Here, then, are at least two tasks that confront the most incisive personal and social intelligence of the progressive schools. Neither of these problems can be solved at once, nor can they ever be solved in the schools alone. They are social problems as well as educational problems; but they are educational problems first, and the progressive schools may not ignore them or deny them.

But it is not the solution of these problems that is so essential to the integrity of the progressive-school movement. They will not be solved for decades or even centuries. The essential thing is that the progressives should see their work in the perspective of these problems, that they should test their achievements and their methods by reference to these two factors: personal integration in the individual child or youth, and social effectiveness of an intelligent sort in the graduates. Judged by these two important criteria, the tasks of the progressive schools stretch out in a century-long perspective before them.

JOSEPH K. HART.

In the third contribution of this symposium, to be published next week, Mr. Francis Mitchell Froelicher will discuss the specific aims of progressive American educators.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

A TYPE of person common enough at any time in Washington, but particularly prevalent in this administration—a type I have always found rather hard to bear—is composed of those who can tell you exactly what is in the presidential mind on any subject. With no desire to identify myself with this pestiferous and pestilential breed, I believe it to be an accurate statement that more than any other one thing, more, in fact, than all other things, prohibition weighs upon the mind of Mr. Hoover. There are a good many reasons for thinking so. One is that in private conversation with friends the Great Engineer has not hesitated so to assert, a fact which makes it unnecessary to mention the other reasons. Nevertheless, it seems worth while to touch upon some of them. In the first place, it is perfectly apparent that the revolt against prohibition, which has heretofore been largely confined to the Democratic party, keeping that great agency for government in a divided and impotent condition, is fast becoming real and menacing in Mr. Hoover's own party, where it has always been kept under control. In state after state Republican Wet sentiment is demoralizing the party organizations, threatening party success, rendering impossible the customary Republican strategy of ignoring the question as an issue and going through campaigns without discussing it. In Massachusetts, in New Jersey, in Illinois and particularly in New York, the whole Republican scheme of things is becoming unraveled. Republican candidates otherwise in accord with the administration are taking positions not in accord with it on prohibition. Republican newspaper organs which support it on every other proposition are entirely out of line on this. The Dwight Morrow declaration for repeal of the Amendment has the effect of eliminating the idea that he is the administration candidate in the New Jersey senatorial primaries, while the entrance of Franklin Fort, known as "close to the President" and as a pronounced Dry, naturally gets him classed as Hoover's choice.

Actually, of course, Mr. Hoover is not opposed to Mr. Morrow because of his Wet stand and is not supporting Mr. Fort because of his Dry one. Actually, both men are his friends and he is taking no part either in this primary fight or in any other. However, this does not prevent the "interpreters of political conditions," which is still another name by which the Washington correspondents pleasantly refer to themselves, from ascribing anxious activity to him along primary lines—an activity which is made to seem plausible, logical and natural. It irritates and embarrasses Herbert a great deal, particularly as he can do nothing about it. He can neither deny nor affirm. The truth is that Mr. Hoover's real feeling about prohibition is much closer to that of Mr. Morrow than to that of Mr. Fort, and I have very good reason for believing that Mr. Morrow discussed his statement quite freely—and amicably —with Mr. Hoover before he made it. The truth is, as that sharp-tongued, clear-thinking and porcupinish Democratic Senator, Carter Glass of Virginia, pointed out during the 1928 campaign and since, Mr. Hoover has never said a word which would justify anyone in asserting with any degree of authority that he is a prohibitionist, that he

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believes the Eighteenth Amendment sound and right, that he regards either it or the Volstead Act as perfect. His famous campaign pronouncement that prohibition is an experiment "noble in purpose," which must be "constructively" carved out, was unquestionably designed to appeal to Dry support, but is a long way short of a declaration of conviction that it is anything but an experiment, nor does it declare a belief in its soundness.

Nevertheless, that statement convincingly classified him as a Dry, and the earnestness with which he has sought to live up to his oath of office for enforcement of the law deepens the general conviction that he is thus rightly classed. Yet those who have talked with him on this subject before the election—and since—know perfectly well that Carter Glass is right. Mr. Hoover is a long way from being the sort of convinced Dry that, for example, Mr. Glass himself is—or Borah, or Brookhart, or any other genuine, guaranteed, unshakable and unflinching Dry hero. He never has been. It is true, those who know him best assert, that he thinks prohibition is an "economic success," and that he thinks talk of repealing the Amendment is "academic." He is not, however, blind to the evils that have followed the Amendment, the increased strength of the opposition and the impossibility of enforcement. To express himself frankly along these lines would leave him open to the charge of bad faith and would tend toward further nullification of the laws he is obliged as President to enforce. Further, it would infuriate the Drys without placating the Wets. Hence, Herbert is caught in a position that grows more painful all the time. There may come a time when he can and will speak his mind on this subject—perhaps in his second term, if he has one. But it is not possible now. Now, his intimates say, all he can do is what he conceives any President must do in his position: use all the power of the government to enforce, and when the enforcement machinery seems inadequate, ask Congress to strengthen it. That is what he is doing, but his mental processes must convince him of the hopelessness of the effort; the political developments are such as to leave little doubt in his mind that its futility will increase and not decrease after the next election.

Turning to the Democratic side of the political picture, within the past few weeks there has been much discussion among some of our more or less important Democratic figures here in Washington over the evident determination of Governor Roosevelt to make "power" his issue in 1932 instead of prohibition. Some of this discussion has got into the papers, but most of it has been in the cloakrooms—and in the luxurious quarters of the Democratic National Committee. By some the Roosevelt policy is held sound. It is argued that to stress the Smith-Raskob attitude of uncompromising hostility to prohibition will be to promote the chances of a Dry nominee, which is no way for Mr. Roosevelt to get a united party behind him. Others would regard the effort to minimize prohibition as possibly all right, if getting nominated were the main thing instead of merely an essential preliminary. But in the face of what they conceive to be a rising tide against prohibition, and the absolute necessity of carrying the Wet states on the Atlantic seaboard, if the ticket is to be elected, they contend that it is the poorest sort of strategy, that it will, in fact, play directly into Republican hands and eliminate the latter's real risk. From a reasonably disinterested point of view it does seem that if Mr. Roosevelt is the Democratic candidate in 1932, as most observers believe he will be, and if Mr. Hoover is renominated, as the experts predict, the distress of the latter gentleman over prohibition will be considerably relieved by his opponent's insistence on pushing to the front an issue over which the voters as a whole can hardly be stirred to excitement, and keeping in the rear an issue which affects them more than any other.

However, there is some distance to go and several hurdles to take before Mr. Roosevelt has irretrievably to take his stand in this business. It may not be necessary for him to do so at all. I do think, though, that to stress power instead of prohibition will not make it easy to raise a Democratic campaign fund in 1932, and despite my desire to believe with those who insist that money does not decide elections in the United States, I cannot refrain from pointing out that there is no instance in which a President has been elected whose fight was not "adequately financed." Furthermore, there is not likely to be. The recent revelations of the expenditures of Republican aspirants for senatorial nominations in Pennsylvania and Illinois are sufficient evidence that money plays a greater, not a lesser, part in politics now than it ever did before. The sworn statements as to huge expenditures, made before the Nye Committee, may be news to the general public. They certainly are not news to practical politicians. All that is really new about these statements is that candidates for office, haled before Senate committees of which they are properly afraid, are making public financial facts which in the past have been kept private. Under oath before the committee, and apprehensive that they may be "checked up," they are telling the truth about the money end of their campaigns—the truth, but not the whole truth, even now.

Washington. T. R. B.

Aunt Becky and Mr. Bowers

X IS ONE of my oldest and best friends in New York. He is intellectual, cultivated, honest and good—that profound goodness which runs through all the tissues, heart, head and daily living. He likes, nevertheless, multiplied concerts, MacDowell's music and banal mountains; and this, as might be expected, leads him toward a certain idealism and inner advocacy of lost causes. I have heard him say much less about it lately, since some of his white acquaintances' enterprise in Harlem has shocked the breath out of him, but he thinks about it still, and one of the first arguments or conversations I had with him, in the midst of his warm, devoted family group, was about this question of the wrongs of the Negroes in the South. In his heart of hearts, despite the human Southerners that he has known, he still thinks of our treatment of the Negroes, before the Civil War and since, as fundamentally criminal. Delacroix, the great painter, had a childhood full of every ill; at the age of three, Dumas said, he had been murdered, hanged, stabbed, drowned, poisoned and strangled. In a way that is about what X thinks of the Southern Negroes.

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Last autumn on the stair of my apartment house I met an old colored woman taking the laundry up to some family; and, since I needed someone for two hours' cleaning on alternate days, the old saint that looks after me having become a little decrepit and unable to cope with the place, I stopped the stranger and asked if her time was full. She would let me know next day. Next day the bell rang early and she came in. Well, she said, she had good news for me, she would come. She had said to the janitor, "I was just taken with his face."

For that matter I had been taken with hers. "Where do you come from?" I said. From Georgia, Edwards County, not far from Atlanta. Which is where my great-great-grandfather lived, I say, when he came from Virginia. Ah, then—How old is she? Seventy-four. And her name? Becky Ruffin. The Ruffins are nice people, I say, I know about the Ruffins. They certainly was, as fine people as they is anywhere, her family.

"But I can't call you Becky," I say. "I'll have to call you Aunt Becky."

"That's 'cause you been raised right," she says, holding her finger tips together.

"I still feel I'd be spanked calling you Becky. And so would my nephew be; he's eleven. All right, it's Aunt Becky."

"Yes, sir; well, it's a pleasure to be wid you."

We understand each other, how to pay compliments, and bring me a cocoanut cake—fresh grated, plenty of butter, not bakery, which neither of us would eat—and give her extra money in spite of her refusal to keep anywhere within her stipulated time, and give her some nice little presents, and some clothes, no longer needed, to go to her grandchildren in Georgia. And then I get my lawyer to take a look at the insurance paper on her little house down there, and presently she brings some yellow yams they have sent her for me, to show their appreciation for the clothes; she cooks the yams in brown sugar and butter; and then she offers to make some cup-cakes like those down home—plenty of ingredients so that they don't taste like cotton, and I give her three dollars and exact a promise that she will not hoard it but go to the movies, taking a friend, some candy to eat if it's sad, and a taxi. Her room in Harlem is in an honest house, where she has friends, and she keeps it no matter where she works or sleeps; there are not many decent, honest places to find up there, she says, and she don't let this un go; then I come home to find her hours overtime and every inch of silver and brass polished beyond the dazzling point; she is much annoyed that the butcher has sent a poor cut, and goes down and cusses him out; I make her take a day off because her Flower Club is giving a supper—the Flower Club guarantees a certain amount of flowers when you die; you pay twenty-five cents a month, and have meetings at members' homes. I hear a great deal about her mammy, who died at a hundred and five and worked up to the last eight months; died in her arms; and I show her the photograph of my nephew's new portrait, which she says has fine eyes. I do not niggle and spy; she is high-minded and scrupulous; I give her a bottle of rye; she brings fresh mustard greens from the market near her house; I eat it cooked with fat meat, which is not my favorite way, but I know it is the way the Ruffins and everybody ate it. We understand each other.

Lately Elise, the French cook of the X's, has left to return to France. She was a good cook, touched with religious mania, shut up in her room as soon as her work was done, hard as nails—you could lie ill for ten days and she never came to the door to inquire. I strongly and fulsomely recommended Aunt Becky, to do extra work along with Katie, the Irish maid, who is marrying next week. They, after the deliberation due when a mere man recommends a house servant, took her a few days to help out, to be paid by the hour. She came on a Thursday. On Saturday they asked her to come for full time, to live there in the apartment. She must have a day or so to get Elise's room clean; nobody could live in that dirt. Katie, who, Aunt Becky tells me, had "fowt all time wid the cook," has now decided to come back next year, and Aunt Becky has told her that was right, to be a little helper to her husband, don't you jes be settin' down. And now Aunt Becky is engaged to stay there during the family's sojourn in Europe and on through next year. And so, for her good, I lose her.

I would never have got our Georgia mammy into this if I hadn't known how fair and square and kind the X's are; otherwise it would only have meant her walking out. Even as it is, she keeps her room in Harlem and her things there. "If some servants come that's evil," she says, looking at her fist doubled up, "I calls this the Af'ican soup-bone—I may leave or I may jes knock 'em down." Which seems to me a good way to manage matters.

As for the rest, I suppose I may say that it was not only my affection for all the X's that made me want them well cared for. There was also a darker purpose. The first day Aunt Becky was there and opened the door for X, when he came home for the evening, she said, "Howdy do, sir, I believe you're my boss. I'm Becky." She was not willing to be in his house without some polite exchange. Her instincts are more civilized than many of their friends'. In that house now there are hot cakes, hot biscuits made with butter, custards, sauces, roasts, plenty of everything, done *con amore,* served as if life were a lovely affair. There is every day somebody out of the family going into the kitchen threatening the cook for killing them with delicious things to eat, and she says how proud she is they like it. They have paid these compliments and given small extras in money and a gift or so, first on a hint from me, for she had rather have these things than double their value in a business arrangement; which only shows she is human, has a fair round ego liking appreciation, and a certain soundness of heart that prefers to have noble obligations to receive and to repay. My hint is forgotten by now, however, in the mere pleasure of giving her pleasure. Warmth radiates from the kitchen in that house, mutual politeness, obligingness and character.

My dark delight in the scene comes a little from the thought that the younger X's, fresh from college and launched into the town's joys, can add to the glamorous details we hear of Negro rhythm, jazz, license and sexual prowess what they have now observed for themselves of the Negro's kindly talents, common sense and tact and goodness, reliability and natural mildness. But what concerns me most is X himself.

Some time back, hoping to vivify his realization of what had happened to the Negro in the South since the Civil

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War, I presented X with a copy of Mr. Claude Bowers' "The Tragic Era," a remarkable and absorbing book, full of talent for the long canvas, and with a running current that holds you from first to last, not to speak of its range and exact documentation. I wanted X to realize from this reading what a terrible sin had been done the Negroes during those twelve years after the surrender. Negroes armed by President Grant's consent or connivance, as the case might be; Negro legislators who could not read, most of them; sometimes Negro Senators and Lieutenant-Governors; carpetbaggers going among them everywhere in the South, meetings, visits in cabins, secret conventions in fields at night, free whisky and so on, in order to instill into them the idea that they were as good as, or even better than, their former masters, were to take things into their own hands, were to be rewarded with a partitioning of old estates among them, and, finally, were to be sure to be good members of the Republican party. The natural course of things would have been no little continuance of the former friendly relation between whites and blacks—whites of the land-holding class, that is, not the poor whites, between whom and the Negroes there was always the deadliest hatred. Gradually the new era would have come in, gradually the Negro's special capacities for a free state would have been tried out. There were thousands of freedmen already, well respected, and more were being set free all the time, either because of their exceptional qualities or through the privilege given them of saving up money made by extra work until they had enough to buy their freedom. And this happened often because owners who did not believe in slavery, yet saw no way out of it as things stood, were glad to balance matters by this increase in the number of freedmen. But all this rational possibility was destroyed by this deliberate and continued sowing of hate by Washington agents and pilfering carpetbaggers. Hence, to a large extent, the solid South, stupid in some aspects. And the race hatred, whites and blacks, so terrible in its results, comes, more than 60 percent of it, from this dastardly process outlasting a decade.

Some of this old, and natural, finer relationship has always existed between superior whites and Negroes, but most of the rest is only distressing. I am hoping, almost maliciously no doubt, that Aunt Becky is giving Mr. Bowers' book a sharper bite for X, and that she will serve as an illustration of that human pilgrim's progress toward adjustment—on both sides—that we might have had in the South but for his Republican heroes of sixty years ago.

STARK YOUNG.

The Old

With bodies burnt of all desire
They must go dreamless under
The years to prod a blackened fire
That will not blaze, to wonder
That all they lost and would regain
In dreams, evades recapture
Where only pain remembers pain,
And only rapture, rapture.

CARLETON DREWRY.

Five Women of Mukden

IT IS NIGHT here within these great Manchu walls of Mukden. The life of the International Settlement and the Japanese Concession on the outside, and the life and ideas of China to the south, seem thousands of miles away. At midnight when the four steel-studded gates of the walls swing shut, to be opened only at five in the morning, the world beyond seems more distant still. And it is indeed, for many decades of thought and action lie between Chinese Mukden and the outside world.

The moon is very white, and the cold seems to have frozen up all sound. All except the long, weird cry of a beggar woman standing outside our little stone garden gate. She cries again and again, "Blessings upon your house . . . may you become rich. . . ." And when at last not one of the little gray houses within our compound will give her bread, she goes away. After she is gone the only sound in the garden is the rustling of the dried leaves of the tall kaoliang stalks piled high against the gray stone walls.

Inside our house a little Chinese woman is talking—of her husband, of policemen, of debts, of the so-called courts and of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, whose fortified castle rears its feudal heights in the moonlight but two streets from us. If you walk there, you will see only the bleak face of a great stone wall twenty feet high, and gray-clad soldiers with fixed guns to challenge you.

The little woman talking is still young, and her soft black hair is drawn back and rolled into a knot at the back of her neck. In her face and her quick, watchful black eyes lies a strange expression. "She is very beautiful," I say to my Chinese friends. "No, she is not beautiful," one of them replies; then, as if caught by another thought, he corrects himself, "Yes, she is . . . but not the type considered beautiful." Perhaps long association with a husband who is fifty years in advance of the times in Manchuria has left on her face an expression of swift intelligence, long watchful endurance, and a composure that comes when one has passed beyond tears. She sits very quietly, her folded hands in her lap, and tells of her husband. Nine months ago his friend was arrested in Kirin to the north. Under torture this friend admitted that he was a member of the Kuomintang, and that her husband in Mukden was also a member. Then her husband was arrested as a "Communist." His fate was better than that of the many others who have simply disappeared from the sight of man. There was no proof against him except the word of the tortured man—that and his record of many years' service in social activities such as famine-relief work in Shantung. But "proof" is a new-fangled idea that no official in Manchuria worries about.

To save her husband from torture and death, this little woman with the beautiful face went to friends, and together they borrowed enough money to bribe the officials and jailors. They continue to borrow and bribe; the avarice of the officials is as deep as eternity. And now that the new Nanking penal code is said to be in force—and who is to interpret it but the old and corrupt officials or the new reactionary ones?—they have had to borrow six hundred American dollars to induce a lawyer to demand a trial for the husband. The law says "public trial," according to the new penal code. I naïvely remark that I

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wish to attend it. In the room about me there is shocked protest:

"If you do that, we shall all be arrested as Communists. . . . the trials are always secret . . . they will ask you what interest you have in this and where you heard of it."

Then the little woman with a beautiful face goes away, bowing gently with a "*zai jhen*," but her face shows that her thoughts are not with us. When she is gone there is again no sound except the rustling of the dry kaoliang leaves in our garden.

My hostess is a little old-fashioned Chinese lady in trousers and a short jacket. She is very frail, worn out from child-bearing—twelve children, of whom six are dead. When her husband enters the room, she rises and gives him her seat. She cannot read and she never goes out. Her eyes are very bright and intelligent and she sits for hours asking questions about the women of other lands. They are intelligent questions, such as modern educated women might ask. She often sighs and is silent, thinking of things strange to me. The women of the West are very fortunate, she says; they can make their own living and have children only when they wish. She does not know of the modern women of her own country to the south. How could she, having come here from Chihli Province as a girl of fifteen, married to a man she had never seen? Time and suffering are long, Mukden is far from her old home, and her life has been only bearing and burying children.

Now she is old, worn out and ugly, and her husband is planning to buy a sing-song girl of sixteen and bring her home as his second wife. My little hostess does not dare object. But her eldest son is a modern student in long black flowing robes, and he objects. He has told his father that he leaves home, never to return, the day he takes a second wife.

"You are a son . . . you will act like a son!" his father informs him.

But the son is impious and clear-minded, and a week ago his father struck him across the face. They say Chinese sons love their fathers. Not the sons I have known. Never have I seen more hatred in the eyes of a man than in those of this eldest son of my hostess. He speaks little before a guest, but his eyes speak when they light on his father. There is constant friction between them.

"In the olden days," the father boasts to me, "the daughter-in-law had to stand while the son's parents ate."

The son breaks in: "That is the reason so many of them died!"

"Hold your tongue, you silly thing!" the father commands.

But the son does not hold his tongue, and the father dares bring home no second wife.

A young woman teacher, in a long blue cotton tunic and with hair cut like a boy's, sits talking. She is a returned student from America. We had tried to get inside the women's prison in Mukden. To this young woman the director said:

"Tell the foreign woman the director is ill and nothing can be done without his permission." Then he said, for her own private information: "No, she may not visit the prison. It is not clean enough for a foreign journalist to see."

This teacher, however, may visit the prison, for she is a Chinese and goes in as a welfare worker. The women of Manchuria are still half-slaves, she tells me. Men still have many wives and concubines. The women have no rights over their own lives. The very idea of a divorce is considered immoral. A man may "put away" his wife, or bring in concubines, but his first wife may not object. She must even pretend to be a friend of the newcomer.

"What are the crimes the women prisoners here are charged with?" I asked. "Murder," the young woman teacher replies. "The majority are in for murder."

"Murder! . . . why . . . what?"

"Their husbands," she answers.

Some women are passive and some are not, and I saw one who was thought to be passive. She was a miserable looking, foot-bound peasant woman, an immigrant from Shantung begging in the streets. Hobbling along on her tiny feet over the frozen street, she slipped and fell, and landed sitting, sprawled out in the middle of the chief street of the city. A small bag of bread burst and scattered in every direction. A little child in rags stood by her side helplessly.

The street was filled with men who saw the accident. Not one came forward to help. Instead they began to laugh, and the policeman on the corner watched and laughed with them. Three young fops, dressed in flowered silk gowns, formal smart little black jackets and tight round black silk caps, joined a crowd that gathered. All laughed.

The peasant woman did not move a leg. But she braced herself with her hands and surveyed the crowd, back and forth and all around, as a general might survey a battlefield. Then she began. She cursed the assembled men, all their ancestors back to the thousandth generation, and all the brats they would bring into the world in the future. She cursed them individually and collectively, up and down and around and about. She cursed systematically and thoroughly, working them over inch by inch. Under her words the laughter froze up on the faces of the men, as if a sudden blast of Siberian weather had struck them. They began to hurry away, and it may have been my imagination that made some of them seem half-paralyzed. But, as they rushed away or crawled away in astonishment, the voice of the peasant woman followed them with her highest compliments. New and perfectly innocent men turned the corner and, seeing her sitting there, also began to laugh. But deliberately she turned her tongue on them and like a cat-o'-nine-tails it seemed to lash all laughter out of them. Their faces froze up and they also hurried past as fast as their feet could carry them. And at last the street was almost clear.

Then, with infinite trouble and in misery, the peasant woman managed to scramble to her tiny pin-like feet again. The child, who had been standing by throughout, helped her, gathered up the bread, and the two of them hobbled out of sight.

The streets are filled with men, but few women. Occasionally automobiles or rickshas carrying exquisitely dressed ladies pass. Some of these ladies are smoking cigarettes or small pipes. Now and again two or three modern girls

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swing past, their hair cut short, their hands in their pockets, their feet big and their minds free. It is easy to see that they are students, free of gait and manner, self-confident and proud.

Once in a tramway a student girl dressed in the usual blue cotton gown got in with an older woman. Clearly they were mother and daughter. Many decades of culture lay between them. The mother had bound feet and long hair done into a smooth, glistening roll at the back of her neck. The girl was as strong and tall as a northern Chinese man, with short hair, natural feet and an intelligent and self-confident face.

The tram was filled with men and not one place was vacant. The girl grasped the wooden rod above with one hand and supported her old mother with the other. The only person in the whole car of fifty or more men to rise and offer a seat to the old lady was a young man who, by his dress, was obviously a student. The old lady was surprised into an outburst of gratitude. The other men passengers watched the student in amusement, spat, and laughed outright that a man could be so weak. The student and the tall girl both turned on them a look of withering scorn. Two of them—among fifty. The percentage is too low for south China, but far too high for Manchuria.

AGNES SMEDLEY.

Home Movies in Excelsis

MOST OF us have suffered at one time or another from the friend who is a home-movie fan, and insists on exhibiting for us blurred, flickering pictures of his own make. Usually they reveal a disagreeable-looking baby, out of focus but not sufficiently so, tumbling on a black lawn which is pitched at a violent angle ("George held the camera crooked there"). The one merit of these pictures is their brevity, raw film being more costly than most beginning amateurs realize. The end comes, usually, while you are still waiting hopefully for the baby to break its neck, and you are left to murmur congratulations, hoping that their insincerity is apparent and being quite right in that hope.

A few such sessions are enough to make anybody wish there might be a law restricting the use of motion-picture cameras to professionals who work in studios and have discretion enough to let their mistakes die on the cutting-room floor. Such, at least, has been my own opinion until lately; but now I have begun to think there may be a future for the home movie after all. A principal factor in changing my mind is "South Seas," the film made by the Gifford Pinchots on their cruise to the Pacific, which has been on view at the Cameo Theater, New York City. For here is what is in all essentials a home movie, which ranks well up alongside the professional films, and is worth anybody's seeing for its own sake.

The Pinchots bought a schooner, fitted her out for their special purposes, and cruised from New York through the Caribbean, into the Pacific, and down among those innumerable fairy islands which lie a short distance northeast of Australia. While their chief purpose was recreational, they also had serious aims; several of the party were scientists, they collected some important specimens, and the expedition had the blessing of the National Museum at Washington and of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. The photography which tells their story was professional in quality, and was aided by such little devices as an expensive underwater camera. A good deal of additional money must have been spent in taking the talking-picture shots with which the film is now interlarded, showing the family at their home in Pennsylvania telling their experiences to a group of silent movie-guests, and in adding to the other scenes the running fire of spoken comment by Governor Pinchot, his wife and their fifteen-year-old son, "Giffy." And yet the net result is a true movie, even though *in excelsis*. For the Pinchots themselves, and their friends and shipmates, are the only actors; the scenes are never posed, in the sense of being artificially theatrical; there is no story except the story of the cruise.

The remarkable quality of the film is the pictorial beauty and strangeness of some parts of it: looking down from the masthead of the schooner "Mary Pinchot" upon the bows of the vessel as they fall forward in a great arc upon the stormy ocean; mist above a lagoon in the Marquesas, shimmering in drowsy mid-day heat; a great sea bat, a fish eighteen feet across, swimming far down in translucent water, with a harpoon in him and struggling desperately to get away; Caribbean island Indians dancing in a hut at night, under magnesium flares, a strange ritual with an odd resemblance to the English peasant dance called "Hunsden House." I do not belittle the camera man, Mr. Howard H. Cleaves, or anybody else concerned, when I say that all this beauty and wonder lay there ready for someone to come and look and record it. After witnessing "South Seas," I am inclined to issue orders for all owners of home cameras to form in line and march to the nearest docks; or at any rate, for the Pinchots to be required to return to their ship not less often than every year or two, and go somewhere, taking Mr. Cleaves with them.

Another home movie, in its way, has lately been shown at the Eighth Street Playhouse, New York City. The government of the U. S. S. R has recently built a 900-mile railway from Siberia down into Turkestan, and just as the proud owner of a new house in Westchester County records its progress from excavation to second mortgage with his pocket camera, the Russians have told the history of the new line in "Turksib." Building a railway is an interminable piece of ugly hard work, and a picture of it might easily be the dullest thing on earth. This one, however, was made by a talented director, Viktor Turin, who has followed the Eisenstein technique and produced an interesting group of scenes. They are more striking individually than collectively; the uproar of the machinery is often so loud that one cannot hear the symphony of construction behind it. I got a better sense of a railroad as a living, growing thing, from "The Iron Horse," a standardized, romantic Hollywood product of several years ago, than I did from Mr. Turin. As in Eisenstein's "The Cruiser Potemkin," the scenes are often too numerous and too short; and yet every idea is pounded home at such length and with such wearisome repetition as to suggest that "Turksib" must have been made for exceptionally stupid audiences. For Americans, it should be reduced to about

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one-half its present length; and the parts to be omitted are those incessant worshipful shots of revolving wheels with which the Russians express their adoration of machinery. The parts most worth preserving are the scenes of the natives marveling at their first airplane and motor car, and then quickly becoming familiar and contemptuous, themselves learning the secrets of the machine and triumphantly riding the tractor or holding the pneumatic drill against the face of the age-old rock. These parts of the film are authentic and exciting; though on the whole, the U. S. S. R.'s home movie is less interesting than that of the American "capitalist" family: a fact from which no moral whatever is to be drawn.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Not a Small "c" for "Caucasian"?

SIR: As the race here is now but 23-percent pure, is it not plain that the negro is becoming more and more Negro? However, that's too fine a point. Printing "negro" so is not prejudice but logic. The two scurviest pests of the printing office are capitalization and hyphens. Webster is one source of infection in the first case; Standard a bad one in the second. The King, willy-nilly, drags up the Dog Catcher, both being officers; two hyphens breed scores.

Presently, mayhap, it will be treason to print the name of another pest—prohibition—without a big P. Already its idolaters call its machine a Department instead of, correctly, a unit of a bureau of a department.

W. MATCHES.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

An Investment Tip for Teachers

SIR: I think Mr. John T. Flynn, in his article, "The Investor's Point of View" [The New Republic, April 30, 1930], makes a mistake in suggesting to teachers (many of whom must be your readers) that they form an investment trust and employ "investment counselors." It would not be impossible, for instance, for such a counselor to recommend the purchase of some obscure stock which could only be delivered by a colleague. Anyone can call himself an "investment counselor."

The safest way for teachers to buy common stocks (if they must) is to obtain a list of the ten American corporations having the largest assets or doing the largest business, and to invest a few hundred dollars in the common stock of each, as they have the money to invest.

GERALD MORGAN.

Hyde Park, N. Y.

Is Charity a Monopoly of the Rich?

SIR: One of the modern developments that worries the believer in democracy is the cool way in which moneyed people are taking into their own hands the privilege of charity.

It now appears that $1,000,000, has been raised to aid the famine sufferers in China. I did not hear of this while it was being raised. Did you, fellow citizen of moderate means? There have been no generally advertised drives for popular subscriptions. Why not? It seems to be assumed that our insignificant contributions might as well be ignored. If our opinion were asked, we should say that $1,000,000 is a disgracefully small contribution from America. It literally looks like thirty cents apiece to each of the starving people, while we, in what are here considered moderate circumstances, are overfed. If the situation were made plain to the masses in America, our contemptible contributions added to one another would soon make the million look contemptible.

Mr. Clark says in The New Republic of May 14, "The more money there is, the more [people] can be saved." He says that "those concerned with Chinese relief work" are debating whether to spend all the money for food, or a portion for irrigation in China. Does not anybody suggest that a part be spent to broadcast an appeal, and so get more money for both immediate relief and future prevention? Who is it that decides that the public shall not have its attention called to these matters?

MADALENE D. BARNUM.

Brooklyn, New York City, N. Y.

SIR: Probably no campaign for funds in this country has been so closely limited to the giver in moderate circumstances as has ours. Few rich people have contributed.

It is also probable that while the response has been pitifully inadequate, no campaign has sent out so many press releases, received more general publicity over as long a period of time, has been "on the air" more often, has overcome more obstacles, has administered food to the hungry with more efficacy and safety, or has attained a greater result per dollar. Big claims, but all provable. The need continues tragic.

D. O. LIVELY,
National Director, China Famine Relief.

205 East 42d Street, New York City.

Arab and Jew in Palestine

SIR: In The New Republic of May 7, Mr. Chaim Weizmann of London, president of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, informs the American public that "the Jews are in Palestine as of right, and not on sufferance." But what is the nature of that right? We learn from the very source upon which the Jews erect their mythical empire that they have been a wandering race since Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, that their Diaspora was never ended, that their former temporary sojourn in Palestine was a period of vassalage to other peoples, that the greatest of their kings were able to retain their thrones only by the grace of their neighbors, that the Jews have been out of Palestine more than two thousand years, and that the majority of them do not hope or wish to live in Palestine, which has been an Arab home for the last fourteen hundred years. It is surrounded by Arab countries, and will continue to be the heart of the Arab world long after the present Zionist phenomenon has become a mere recorded incident in the annals of the Jewish race.

The second shallow, sandy foundation for the Jewish political aspirations is the Balfour Declaration, which is a two-edged sword. It promises to "facilitate the making of a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine," and at the same time it lays down the principle that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civic or religious rights of the Arabs." Every acquired Jewish right in Palestine is an encroachment upon Arab rights, and hence the distasteful but inevitable consequence of aggressions and unjust dealings.

The real basis for England's mandate over Palestine is not the Balfour Declaration, as Mr. Weizmann erroneously states, but the Twenty-second Article of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which declares, "Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory." Whether the mandatory powers over those territories are complying with the letter and spirit of this article, and whether the Balfour Declaration harmonizes with it, I, as a Jerusalemite Arab, ask the just, unprejudiced, rational American citizens to decide.

IBN ISHMAEL.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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Real—Unreal

My Thirty Years' War, by Margaret Anderson. New York: Covici-Friede. 274 pages. $4.

SO YOU too, Margaret Anderson, have written a book . . . "My Thirty Years' War."

But Margaret, you are yourself a character in a book. You are not real. No one ever thought you were real. You are, have always been, something that comes into other lives. You are not woman. You are not man. You know little enough of the rest of us. What do we know of you?

Well, I dare say you eat, you sleep. I know that you wear clothes, gorgeously lovely clothes. Words flow from you. There are some two hundred and seventy-four pages of words gathered together here, in this book you have put out for us to read. Speaking for one man, I read it, Margaret, with extreme delight. At the very end, you have signed it:

Tancarville 1929 Paris 1929.

It was early morning when I came to that and, looking at the words, I could not help wondering if you were at Tancarville.

Is it a place? Are you walking about there? Is it by the sea? Are you the splendid creature you were when I saw you last in New York? Do you occasionally run up to Paris, as years ago you took The Little Review away from us, in Chicago, and took it to New York, not, as you said when we asked you, because you specially needed New York?

You felt New York needed you. "Why, New York has never seen me," you said, with your usual splendid assurance.

And now New York has seen you and California and Paris and God knows how many other places. There is your picture at the front of the book by Man Ray. You would have the best man obtainable to do the picture. God bless you for that.

What a cloud of people. James Joyce, Otto Kahn, Gertrude Stein, Mary Garden.

Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Pablo Picasso . . . so he looks like that, eh?

Ben Hecht, Emma Goldman, noisy old Ben Reitman. A thousand people, let us say, mentioned in the pages of this book. I have not counted. There must be tens of thousands of other lives, people whose names you have not mentioned, but whose lives have touched your life. It was night and I was at my farmhouse in the country when I read your book. I read it with a sort of breathless rush, as it is written, as you used to talk. My room, in which I work and sleep, became filled with people as I read. Faces peered out at me from walls. There is a little stream comes down from the mountains and past my farmhouse door. It flows under my bedroom window. At night the sound of it, falling down over rocks, becomes louder and louder. There is a little wooden bridge coming over the stream from a road.

And so last night I read your book, not wanting to sleep, wanting to hear your voice again, wanting the rush of words from you, wanting to feel again your beautiful belief in unreality. O thou unreal creature.

Did you know, Margaret, that I loved you, that a thousand men, a thousand women have loved you?

The sound of the stream, below my window, grew louder and louder as I read. I did not read critically. Why should I have done that, to you? Thank God you are not a literary man, or woman. You are yourself. You have as much right to talk in the pages of this book as a bird has to sing in the apple tree by my window here. A man does not write musical criticism when a bird comes thus, to sing or to chatter.

The sound of the stream below my window grew louder and louder in the night, your book being in my hand, I being propped up among pillows. The sounds became confused in my mind. I put down the book for a moment.

There was the tread of heavy feet on the bridge that crosses the stream. Carl Sandburg tramped over the bridge. Theodore Dreiser came. There was the soft sound of a woman's feet. Many feet came thus over a bridge, across the floor of a farmhouse kitchen and up a stairway to my room.

People, men and women, crowded into my room.

Why, I am confused about this book. I read it in the night. How many of the people, conjured up thus by its pages, people who came into my room last night, were actually mentioned in the pages of the book? I do not know. I cannot remember. It is morning now and as I sit writing to you of the book, I have a headache. My head is too full of people and I have not slept.

I remember a young woman in Chicago. Let's not use names. Let's call her Ted. She lived where I lived in Chicago, when you were in the first flush of your youth there. You will remember the place, up Cass Street from the Loop—an old brick house. Max used to come there and Harriet and Mary and Tennessee Mitchell and Ben and Carl and others. I don't remember that you ever came, but you knew them all and they knew and loved you.

So there was this Ted, one of the unnamed ones. She was short and fat and wanted, more than anything else, I imagine, to be a man. She used to come home from some place where she was employed down in the Chicago Loop, and put on men's overalls. She was wanting men's clothes to wear and could only afford the overalls. Everyone in that house was always broke.

The point is that I found her one evening on the stairs in that house. She had on the overalls, her great breasts making them stick out absurdly in front. She sat thus, huddled up on the stairs in a kind of half darkness, her face in her hands, her hair falling over her hands.

She was crying about you. She told me that.

Why she couldn't explain.

She wasn't in love. I asked her about that. She had been somewhere and had seen you and she said you gave her a feeling about everybody she had never had before.

It is a feeling that comes and goes.

Let's admit that. We are an outlaw people. Those of us who write words, tramp the boards of the stage, spread paint on canvas, chip, carve, hammer, trying to reach into unreality through the real, do not belong.

There is the world about us and it is not our world. We never made it. It keeps saying to us . . . "you must have bread and clothes. Come to terms then."

We do come to terms. In America we are doing it all

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the time. Among ourselves we quarrel and fight. We say bitter, biting things of each other. America is a place gone mad with publicity. The outside world, the world of reality in which we are compelled, it seems, to live, the world your mother wanted you to live in . . . you have been cruel enough to her, God knows . . . drags us down constantly out of the unreal into the real.

There should be a kind of brotherhood of the unreal in existence. We of the brotherhood should stand always shoulder to shoulder but we do not do it, cannot do it.

The unreal world fades constantly and the real world is always there. We are filled with petty jealousies. Today some one man or woman, from among us, is in the public eye.

The newspaper and the critic have taken some such a one up. There he is. He is being praised on all sides. Money rolls in to him. Now, in the real world, he is receiving the applause of the masses.

Tomorrow it will be transferred from him to another. He will have a hard struggle to get back again into our world, into the world of unreality.

None of the others of us help him much.

You would.

And there are all sorts of borderline cases. You cannot say definitely . . . "this one belongs in here, that one does not belong." I suppose that at moments all people come in and out. How else could you have run The Little Review in Chicago? Why did fat business men give you checks to keep your crazy little magazine afloat, why didn't that real-estate man throw you out of that apartment that looked over the lake . . . (don't tell me you paid your rent. I know better) . . . why was the printer so patient with you? He was a poor man and never got his money. I know he never did.

Why didn't you stay in America, in Chicago? Why did you go to France, to Tancarville?

Well it is all right. It is no one's business what you do.

In Chicago, when you came there, you were most needed. You came. You appeared out of the most absurd of all possible places. I think it was Floyd Dell who first told me of you. "She exists," he said, "a woman who will start a magazine here."

"It will be a free magazine," he said.

Of course, I didn't believe. I was working in an advertising agency, writing advertisements. How can a man doing that believe anything? I began to ask questions. "Has she any money? Where is she?"

"She is being literary editor of some kind of a church magazine. No, she hasn't any money.

"She will do it though."

But she will be taken up by some particular crowd here. If she can get the money, that is what will happen.

"You say she is a beautiful woman. Some man will give her the money, I dare say."

"The magazine, if it is started, will represent some movement. It will take up the cause of the realists, or the romanticists, or the humanists. We have all become modernists. It will be a modernists' magazine."

"Wait and see," Floyd said.

And so I did wait and see. I saw men and women of our unreal world become real to each other for a time. I saw men and women standing together. I saw belief springing up. I saw men of my own real-unreal world all drawn together.

I never believed you had much sense of people, Margaret Anderson. In this book of yours when you pass judgment on people you are absurd. You always were absurd anyway. What difference does that make?

You gave a lot of queer, isolated people a quick and sudden sense of each other. Something started. You walked about, being personally beautiful, as I dare say you are now. You talked with a quick rush of words. You walked in a certain way.

None of the men you gathered about you tried to get you as his own woman, as his own individual woman. It would have been absurd to think of that.

We were all of us sunk down into the muddle of life, real life, God knows. We were falling in love. Two of us men were fighting over some woman. We were full of jealousies and hatreds. Women were hating each other. There had been a dozen little petty groups started.

You got us all together. We came to you. We worked for you. Caesar swept out your office. He ran your errands. Harriet worked. Jane worked. Business men gave you money. I dare say all kinds of people gave you clothes and flowers. Why not?

You inspired love and devotion. You weren't after anything. You never did push yourself forward. You didn't have to. You had but to walk through the streets, through a hotel lobby. Wherever you went men's eyes followed you, women's eyes followed you. Women were not jealous of you. Men did not look at you with greasy eyes.

You were not like the rest of us, struggling down there in the Chicago mud, going constantly, falteringly, in and out of our unreal world. You were unreal. You were a character in a play. You were a novel or a painting come to life.

You started The Little Review. There were other sudden outbursts of flame everywhere. The old Masses got started, The Seven Arts, the new Dial, with Gilbert Seldes as editor . . . (there was an editor for you) . . . The Double Dealer down at New Orleans. It was a rich time. You were at the bottom of it all.

You succeeded. You were made to live always in an unreal world. You remained a character in a play. I dare say you are that now.

You have written a book. You are at Tancarville. I insist upon its being a place. I insist upon the sea and the white sand. There are people there. You walk up and down before them as once you walked the streets of Chicago, when The Little Review was getting started. People look at you. You do not touch their real lives, do not want to.

Why, Margaret, you have not written a book. This is not a book. It is a flash-back of yourself. It is charming, Margaret, as you are charming, will always be charming. You are at Tancarville and you walk on the white beach and people look at you and then you pass. You pass and you remain. We thank you, Margaret, for this little visit to us. I personally thank you for a night of faces and of footsteps on my stairs. You have brought back other days and they were good days. You made them good days while you stayed with us.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

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The New Romanticism

The Proving of Psyche, by Hugh l'Anson Fausset. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 320 pages. $3.50.

THE NEW romanticist, for whom this is a credo, is older than the old romantics by a century of scientific research. He has added to his faith a new monism, a "creative principle of nature" and a scientific substantiation of the unity and goodness of primitive man. Science has freed him from the vices of Rousseauism and from the reproach of Arnold that he did not know enough. His program is to inform scientific knowledge with "real value" and hence make it "truly moral." Value is discoverable in the arts, corroborated by science, and the artist possesses value because he is intuiting and expressing the "creative will of life." We recognize these values by feeling them, if we submit to them, through a sense of equilibrium, as if we were "recovering a fundamental unity." The position is akin to I. A. Richards' in the matter of value, but more dogmatic, not caring presumably to meet the program of psychological investigation that will, sooner or later, justify or discredit the assumptions of "Principles of Literary Criticism."

Mr. Fausset presents this romantic prospect in the first part of his book in a series of essays, written at different times. They do not develop the thought so much as cover the same matter with a rather expansive repetition. They say, if anything, too much, but not about the questions one asks. There is a bewildering number of doubtful references, a dose of Amiel's "bedazzlement with the infinite," and, especially when romanticizing Jesus out of the Humanist camp, something of that willful self-assertion which Mr. Murry seems to have encouraged. The contemporary critic who becomes his own metaphysician, theologian, scientist, and so on, is not unlike Pooh Bah when he becomes Lord High Everything Else: one is uncertain in which of his capacities he is speaking, and the tone changes with the uniform. Mr. Fausset, who has written a number of brilliant and thoughtful monographs on romantic poets, is here unusually troubled and obscure in his terminology. He argues with metaphors and hypostases, and is splendidly vague about such things as the chemistry of the soul. None of us is free from the contemporary confusion of knowledges, or from the muddle that quasi-scientific terminology parasitically growing on metaphysical terms has tumbled us into. In short, we could do with fewer books about Poetic Diction and more books about Critical Diction.

Freed from this expression of faith in a better informed romantic, which may be said to remain still in the realm of feeling rather than of definition, Mr. Fausset turns to a critique of Mr. Babbitt's "The New Laokoön," "Rousseau and Romanticism" and "Democracy and Leadership." So far as he is concerned with the limitations of Mr. Babbitt's literary judgments, with his prejudices against the romantics and his misunderstanding of them, this part is quite admirable, and is very welcome: it should have been done long ago; as an argument for romanticism it is somewhat less effective.

The central point is an attack on Babbitt's *conscious* formulation and imposition of standards by the intellect which has already repudiated itself. Here is indeed the central dilemma of the Humanist. Escape is by two ways —through religion or through naturalism. Mr. Fausset chooses the latter: he submits to an unconscious control, which he names the creative will of life expressing itself through the ethical will and apprehended by a harmonious coöperation of reason and instinct, etc. Babbitt virtually chooses the former by his acceptance of a super-rational intuition, expressing itself through the ethical will; but no doubt because he is driven to, not through conviction. Both processes claim the same content, the same values, the same effects. If they are not the same, then here are at least two approaches to the mystery, two aspects, two "states of mind." *"Aimer et penser: c'est la véritable vie des esprits."* As a question of emphasis, of the "feasibility of performance," as Arnold called it, whether to choose (if we could) the expansive creative romantic or the critically tactful and disciplined Humanist, that depends upon the needs of the age. Mr. Fausset's book, with its teeming virtues, will suggest the answer: criticism and discipline, as a job, at least, that has to be done to make the other possible.

P. M. JACK.

The Lions and the Lambs

The Crusades: Iron Men and Saints, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 368 pages. $3.

Saladin: Prince of Chivalry, by Charles J. Rosebault. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 303 pages. $3.50.

Arrogance: The Conquests of Xerxes, by Louis Couperus. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 314 pages. $3.

Xenophon: Soldier of Fortune, by Leo V. Jacks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 233 pages. $2.

The Bulls of Rome, by Ludwig Huna. Translated by Madge Pemberton. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

The Knight of the Virgin, by Vincente Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

ISN'T history quaint? And weren't the men of the past the *queerest* things? Like ourselves, they were flesh and blood, but they bound their flesh in steel, made vows to their lady and their God, lived in a rose-blood age of sudden death and let their women sew in dark castles while they set out on all kinds of fantastical errands—like rescuing the Holy City from the Pagans. It was just like that. They didn't engage in war to make the world safe for democracy, or for the sake of oil lands in the East. They fought and died for a dynasty, for skyey idealism, the while they did very realistic slaughter. Jerusalem was the Holy City. It was enough to send thousands of men away from riches and safety into the barren sands through whose blinding waste they strove toward the guerdon of a metaphysical idea.

How ever are you going to make such funny people comprensible to the sensible moderns, with their industrial wars and their neat small lives and their code of safety and their apostate science? Mr. Lamb goes to great schoolboy pains to give back the medieval world in terms gleaned from recent researches into original documents. He is obviously amazed at his discoveries and he strives so hard to communicate that amazement to his readers. Before he lets his Iron Men and Saints start on the first crusade, he devotes long chapters to telling just how they lived, what kind of clothes they wore, how the peasants felt about things in general and what a squire had to do to become a knight. Then he takes almost as long to describe the crusade as the warriors did to reach their goal. Mr. Lamb is a little frightened of his lions, whose splendid savagery

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and nobleness he explains and explains as who should say, they were the queerest people! and it is our scholarly duty to try and make them human. He gets stuck in his vast material and cannot get out for interminable chapters.

The modern has to feel medieval from his very blood or he will be unable to lie down with the lions. Mr. Rosebault (for all that his work is based on translations from original sources) feels quite at home with Saladin—that high and courtly knight who never broke his sword, and showed unfaltering magnanimity to Christian knights who seldom if ever kept their vows. Indeed, Mr. Rosebault does splendidly with the great king, civilized and humane, who saved his land from the barbarous Franks and the picturesque and incompetent Richard Lion-Hearted. His book is another admirable reminder of the wisdom of the East and the crude heroism of the West, whose jealousy of Eastern culture resulted in all kinds of invented lies about "barbarous infidels."

After that, we have to turn about-face and share Couperus' enthusiasm for the hardy Greeks against the effete and dying culture of Persia. For Couperus is just another schoolboy who pictures the Persian wars as a conflict between Greek poetry and Persian decadence. He leaves off imaging a battle to indulge in rhapsodies about Æschylus. He makes fun of poor old Xerxes for three hundred pages—though the character of that feeble monarch hardly deserves so long a consideration. He says little or nothing about the trader Greek spirit, the Spartan treachery, the Athenian fickleness and the sense of realism which made the Greeks win wars. The subsidiary troops (Cissians, Hyrcanians, Assyrians) were anything but decadent. The battles of Thermopylæ on land and Salamis at sea were not the triumphs of culture over culture, but of the swift mobility of a small force over a huge army with no common cause and worse generals.

It is, therefore, a relief to find that Mr. Jacks, the author of "Xenephon: Soldier of Fortune," once served in war and knows the common soldier. Unlike the rest, Mr. Jacks does not make up the past from the records of priests and scholars (themselves with a point of view), but from his feeling for battle and his very human grasp of the gallant adventurer Xenophon, who accompanied the immortal Ten Thousand in their dash for a throne. War as a game, war as romance, as a stunt, as having no *reason* of any kind except that invented afterwards by the poets: that Mr. Jacks understands and pictures. He makes war real: not just another description of the hoplites doing their bit at parasangs.

You can hardly say so much of Herr Huna's outrageous novel about the Borgias. This book is the first of a trilogy; and, God save the clean mark of history, he drags up all the old discredited legends by their blood-boltered heads. Roderigo and Cesare and Lucrezia are the wine-poisoning, murderous and incestuous golliwogs of Dumas' "Celebrated Crimes." They stab and welter and gore their way through lascivious scene after scene, while Herr Huna sits by gloating in holy horror. After the modern German historians and Sabatini's clear-headed research, Herr Huna should be ashamed of himself—unless he protests that a "romantic novel" can be as false as you like so long as it gives shudders to the bourgeois.

And as for the "Knight of the Virgin"—the story of Alonso de Odjeda, one of the most highly colored of the conquerors of Central America—it is crude and dull and commonplace: which one always expects from Ibanez except in his novels of Valencia or his infrequent flashes of rich melodrama. Romance, romance—what gaudy crimes are committed in thy name!

DONALD DOUGLAS.

A Biological Explanation of Human Nature

The Biological Basis of Human Nature, by H. S. Jennings, New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 384 pages. $4.

THOUGH my experience with popularizations has made me skeptical of their value, I have been looking forward to the present volume ever since I read Mr. Jennings' "Prometheus," a pocket-edition of the interpretation of biological facts, published in 1925. "The Biological Basis of Human Nature" has every reason to fulfill its mission: it is written in unsurpassably simple language, it is altogether without the distortions and half-truths so often an inevitable accompaniment of simplifications; the author is as free from an *idée fixe* as is humanly possible, with the result that every controversial subject is examined with cool objectivity; and the book is the work of an expert in the field.

The first five chapters deal with the facts of biology—genes, chromosomes, their structure and function in the mechanics of heredity, the role of other elements in the cell and body and of environment in development—presented through the medium of ingenious experiments (which certainly filled me with nostalgic longings for my laboratory days). This material is outlined with painstaking lucidity so that the reader may be equipped to react critically to the far-reaching interpretations, deductions and speculations to which the remaining eleven chapters are devoted. Among the topics here dealt with are the hoary controversy of heredity versus environment; whether acquired characteristics are inherited; the feasibility of the eugenics program; the consequences of race mixture; the emergence of new types or species; the effect of the improvement of environment upon the virility of a race; the implications of emergent evolution and of mechanical evolution.

Through the medium of experimental results, we are shown how puerile is the question: which is more important, heredity or environment?—for it cannot possibly be answered to fit all cases. Generally,

> . . . there is no such alternative. All these characteristics [color, structure, etc.,] are altered by changing the genes, and this is what has caused characteristics to be called hereditary. But all are likewise altered, in similar ways, by changing the environment; and this is what has caused characteristics to be called environmental. These two terms as applied to characteristics are not mutually exclusive categories.

The equally disturbing problem of whether acquired characteristics are inherited is made contingent on the underlying principle of the effect upon genes. Thus, only if environmental changes alter the characteristics of organisms subjected to them by altering the genetic material, will these altered or acquired characteristics be hereditary, i. e., passed on to future generations even in the absence of the conditions which originally produced them. But genes are known to be fairly resistant to change, as is seen in laboratory experiments as well as in the constancy of species. On the other hand, the emergence of new species and the very process of evolution itself testify to the possibility of change inherent in both the constitution and the organization of the genes. In fact, organic evolution operates through the dynamic nature of genes, aided by the factor of selective elimination (popularly known as

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survival of the fittest), which determines whether or not the altered genetic pattern shall be passed on.

The statistical analysis of the problem of eugenics is exceedingly interesting and illuminating, but too technical to be dealt with here. Nor can this review convey any idea of the freshness, sincerity and cogency of Mr. Jennings' style. Mr. Jennings is, in fact, so persuasive that it is with difficulty one retains a hold upon one's own convictions. But, notwithstanding my complete rapport with the author, I still feel that his interpretations of human behavior, set forth with complacent finality, are too theoretical, too steeped in laboratory experiments, to be more than a biological explanation. AUGUSTA ALPERT.

Africander Caesar

Africa and Some World Problems, by J. C. Smuts. New York: Oxford University Press. 184 pages. $2.50.

IF ONE were to describe this volume roughly, one might say that it consists of the commentaries of Africander Caesar, with a smattering of Christianity, on his dusky *Galli* and his *provincia.* In these lectures, delivered in the course of last November, the author also discusses democracy and world-peace, assigning to Africa, however, the most elaborate treatment.

Despite the variety of subjects, one might state, paraphrasing Lacordaire, that a single intelligence provides a golden thread of unity binding together the various lectures and addresses. The author sees democracy at the crossroads, and a man of action primarily, he would like to inject efficiency into it. His observations are perhaps neither singularly profound nor particularly original, but if he has merely expressed what we subconsciously felt, he has done so better than most of us could. When he points to the essence of democracy as "its unexhausted and growing fund of good will and understanding," he reminds one of Blackstone at his best, and one feels that his analytical powers have pierced through to ultimate values.

In dealing with the League of Nations and world peace, his exposition is both clear and logical. One of the original sponsors of the League himself, the General makes an impartial evaluation of its progress and looks keenly into the future to study its prospects. Its essence to him is "the organized system of conference and discussion between the states for the promotion of understanding and the prevention of war." He would extend this system to states outside the League and he advocates carrying the Kellogg Peace Pact to its logical conclusion. The General's picturesque touches in these lectures suggest Xenophon; his restraint of diction and his historical sense remind one vaguely of Thucydides; but oftener his brevity, his sense of universals, the essential action pent up within his words, bring to mind that dryest, keenest and most inhuman of writers, Julius Caesar. Like him, he considers Africa, not the black man's, but his own *provincia.* The black men are like Caesar's Gauls. They must work with the whites for a superior white civilization. The General's African policy is coöperation between the races, with racial and even spatial segregation. Such was the Spanish colonial policy, although it never went so far. In De Victoria's lectures *"De Indis et de Jure Belli"* (an excellent edition by the Carnegie Foundation); in the monumental legislation known as the Laws of the Indies, beginning first in 1542, the General might find, contrary to his opinion, both a record of past experience in racial relations and a little more Christianity than he shows. E. R. PINEDA.

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Notes on Novels

Dandelion Days, by Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

HENRY WILLIAMSON seems to be the only one of the newer writers of first-rate intelligence in England who sticks steadfastly to the Georgian tradition. Untouched by post-war trends in fiction, he is closer to Hardy, or in a profounder sense to Shelley, than he is to Bloomsbury; his talent is a solitary, alien flower, blooming courageously in a vast jungle of naturalism and significant form. For this reason he will probably never become fashionable nor, like Mrs. Woolf, attain to the doubtful eminence of being an influence upon others. He is conventional. He possesses, nevertheless, the ability to transmute an integrity and beauty of mind into clear, lucent prose that is shot through and through with strands of compassion and humor; and it should entitle him to a place of reasonable security among the best of contemporary novelists. This is the second volume in the Willie Maddison tetralogy, of which "The Pathway" was the fourth and climactic section. It is in some ways more satisfactory than the latter book; it is simpler, and Willie has not yet begun to show signs of the rather distressing mysticism which is later to lead him to a premature and watery grave. His adventures at Colham School are narrated with a sure humor and tenderness, without the bitterness and introspection which disfigure most reminiscences of sensitive adolescence. The War finds him still a normal, healthy boy who liked to raise the devil in classrooms, hunt for the eggs of rooks in trees, and had no

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great objection to telling an occasional lie. The mystic strain was, presumably, like so many other calamities, an outgrowth of his War experiences; the book ends with him in France and with the promise of adventures of another kind in the third volume—"A Dream of Fair Women." It will be worth reading.

Anthony in the Nude, by Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IT WOULD be easy to damn this book entirely and let it go at that, were it not for the fact that it is written with a considerable degree of honesty and good humor, which serve to leaven the lump of its appalling tastelessness. Even though the kept-man theme is a difficult one to tackle, there is no particular reason why an American should not tackle it: unfortunately, Mr. Brinig's tackling provokes the inevitable comparison with the "Chéri" of Colette, in which skill and taste and compassion transmute scabrous material into a fine and often beautiful book. Mr. Brinig's "Chéri" is scabrous at the beginning and scabrous at the end, and so is the lady who supports him. And the author's insistence upon certain aspects of their sexual life is, to put it as gently as possible, a bore.

The Trader's Wife, by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.

THIS BOOK has the perfection of a small, flawless, curiously carved gem. It is compact and exquisitely finished—a bibelot. The tale itself is simple. An ex-slave trader brings back to Africa with him a young wife from New England, fine in her hoopskirts and her furbelows. To his amazement she is calm and unafraid. She accepts the conditions of forest life, together with the naïve homage of the black tribes who trade at her husband's post. It is only when the horror of the slave trade is brought home to her that tragedy is precipitated. The story flows along with a gracious tranquility. It plucks the strings of emotion too gently to achieve poignancy, but in its quiet way it is a charming and distinguished piece of work.

E. H. W.

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